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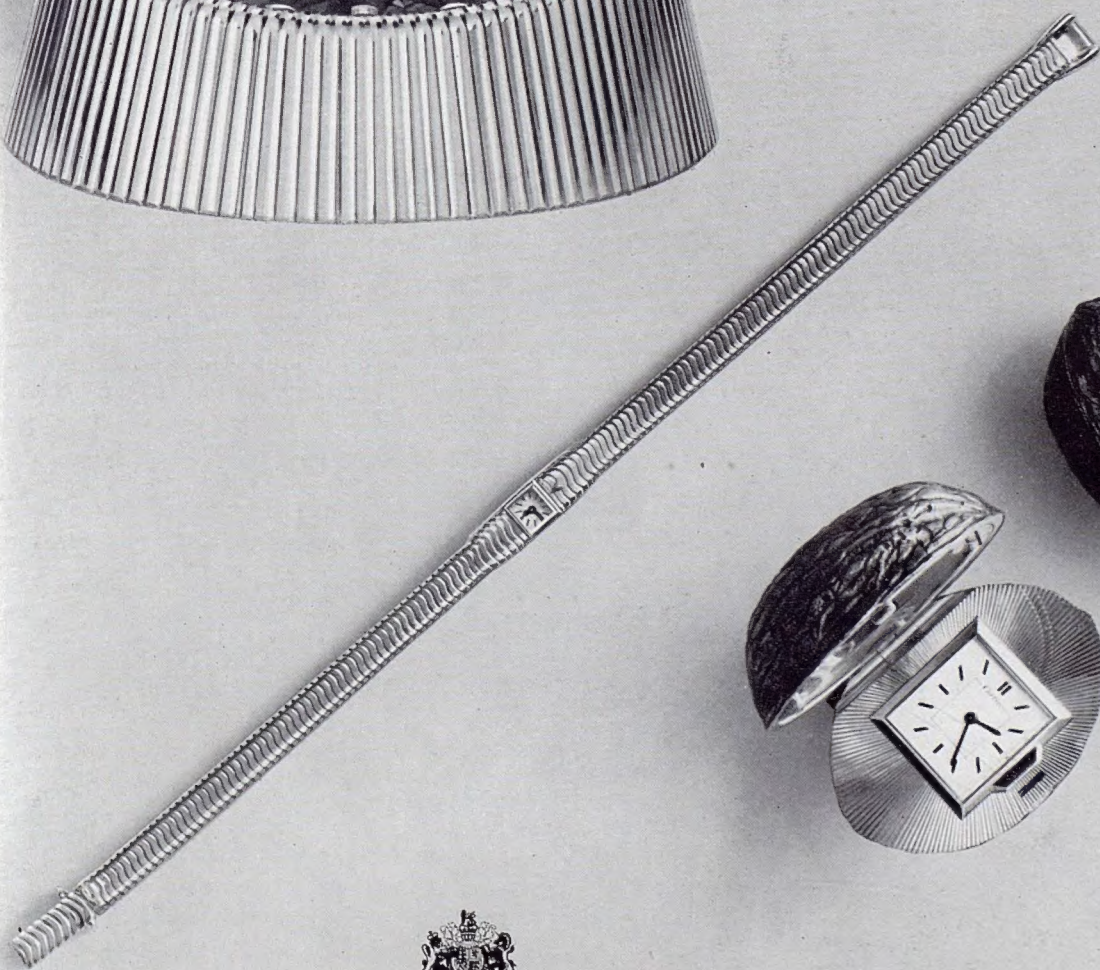
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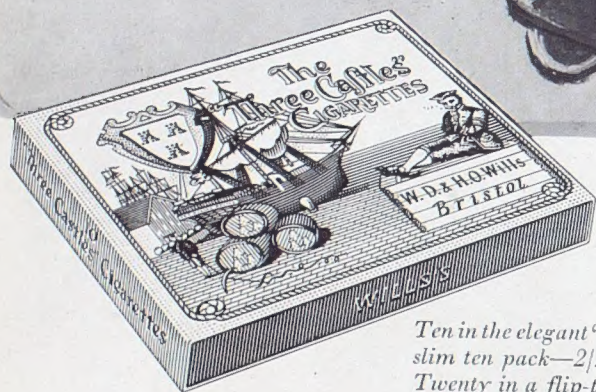


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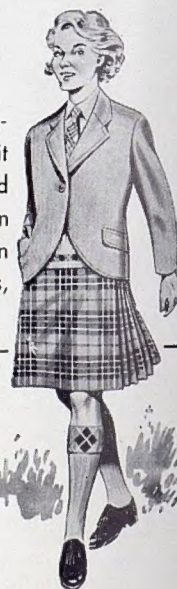


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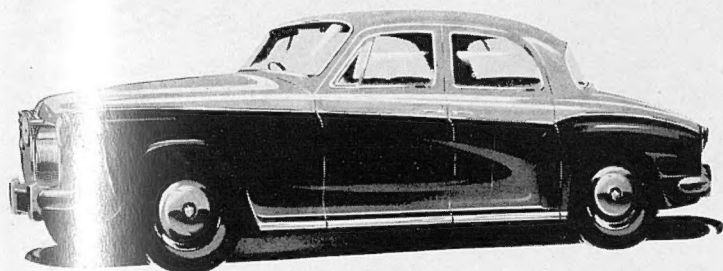
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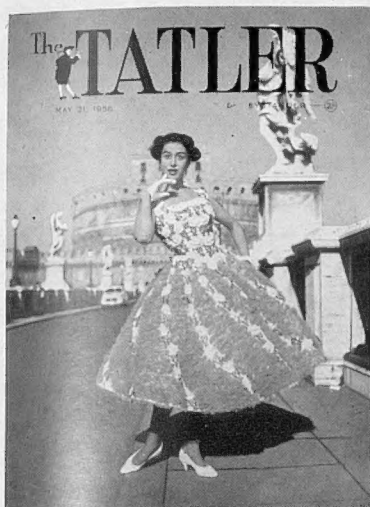
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The Prime Minister



AMONG Europe's capitals Rome is a growing attraction to the traveller. Its appeal is in the blend of ancient and modern portrayed by this picture. In the background, the historic castle of San Angelo, begun by Hadrian (of the Wall) as his mausoleum. In front an example of the intricate hand-embroidery found in Italy's new and rising fashion industry, especially the evening gowns. Under the bridge, the ageless Tiber...

DIARY of the week

FROM 22 MAY TO 28 MAY

THURSDAY 22 MAY

Royal Engagements: The Queen visits Royal Regiment of Artillery depot, Woolwich. Princess Margaret attends a performance of *My Fair Lady* in aid of the Royal College of Nursing.

Racing at York and Salisbury.

FRIDAY 23 MAY

Art: Paintings from the collection of Mr. Stavros Niarchos at the Tate Gallery (until 29 June).

Ballet: Margot Fonteyn & Michael Somes in *Giselle* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, 7.30 p.m.

MR. MACMILLAN's fascinating family background is outlined in an article on page 434. What went wrong with the Royal Film Performances? See page 408. NEXT WEEK: Denzil Batchelor tells what really happened when a great Derby owner died after listening to the race broadcast

Racing at Sandown Park and Stockton.

SATURDAY 24 MAY

Athletics: Whitsun British Games at the White City (and 26th).

Dog Trials: *Daily Express* International Sheep Dog Trials in Hyde Park (until 26th).

Opera: *Don Carlos* by Verdi, in Italian, at Covent Garden, 7 p.m. Soloists include Tito Gobbi.

Racing at Sandown Park, Stockton, Warwick, Hamilton Park and Doncaster.

SUNDAY 25 MAY

Ceremony: British Legion Annual Parade at the Cenotaph, Whitehall.

Concert: Beethoven concert by the London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Josef Krips, at the Royal Festival Hall. Soloist: Annie Fischer.

Polo: Final of the Leaf Cup at Cowdray Park, Midhurst.

MONDAY 26 MAY (Whit-Monday)

Agriculture Show: The Warwickshire Agricultural Show at Wellesbourne Aerodrome, Warwick (until 27th).

Horse Show: London Carthouse Parade in the Inner Circle, Regent's Park.

Racing at Doncaster, Birmingham, Chepstow, Hurst Park and Redcar.

TUESDAY 27 MAY

Festival: Opera Festival begins at Glyndebourne, Lewes (until 31st July).

Racing at Birmingham, Chepstow, Hurst Park and Redcar.

WEDNESDAY 28 MAY

Royal Engagement: The Princess Royal attends the Girl Guides Association's annual meeting at Mansion House.

Ceremony: Samuel Pepys Commemoration service at St. Olave, Hart Street, London.

Racing at Catterick Bridge and Windsor.

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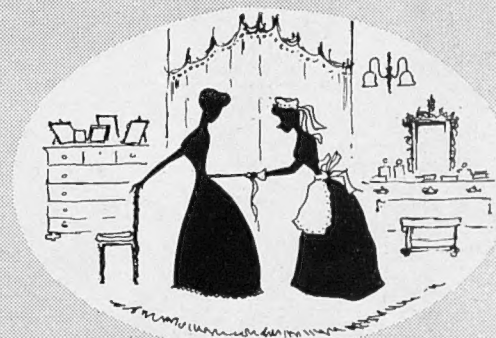


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The TATLER

& BYSTANDER

Vol. CCXXVIII. 2967

21 May 1963

TWO SHILLINGS



PERSONALITY

The prophet of U

NANCY MITFORD has achieved in the postwar years a triple literary reputation. As a best-selling novelist (*The Pursuit Of Love*, *Love In A Cold Climate*). As a brilliant biographer (Voltaire, Mme. de Pompadour). And as the vocabularian of upper-class English. But though her fame is postwar, her first book, *Highland Fling*, was published as long ago as 1931—two years before her marriage to the Hon. Peter Rennell Rodd (dissolved this year). When she came to write it she dropped the first half of her family name, Freeman-Mitford (thereby reverting to an earlier form, for it was only in 1886 that the Mitfords adopted the hyphen by royal licence).

Miss Mitford's father was the second Lord

Redesdale, who died earlier this year. Uncle Matthew in *Pursuit Of Love* is recognizably an affectionate picture of him, and it became an after-dinner game in the late 1940s to place other well-known noblemen and their estates as they appear in this book and in *Love In A Cold Climate*. Unpredictably, the publication that made her name most widely known was the essay *Noblesse Oblige*, which launched the vogue for U and Non-U. In this she adapted and expanded some linguistic work by Professor Ross.

Miss Mitford lives in Paris. She is now working on an introduction and notes for a translation of the memoirs of the Duc de Saint-Simon, the 18th-century French statesman. It is to come out in the autumn.



THE BUNBURY CLUB, an association of members of Trinity College, Cambridge, held its annual ball at the Hyde Park Hotel. Above: Mr. & Mrs. Brian Reilly, Mr. Alastair McLean, the ball organizer, and Miss Priscilla Yeo



Mr. Julian Slade, who was at Trinity, and Miss Gillian Lewis entertained guests with a midnight cabaret. Miss Lewis is leading lady in *Free As Air*

Cambridge graduates hold a ball



Miss Priscilla Copeman and Mr. Martin Mays-Smith, of the Bank of England



Miss Julie Vaughan-Hudson with Mr. Eustace Crawley, son of the famous golfer



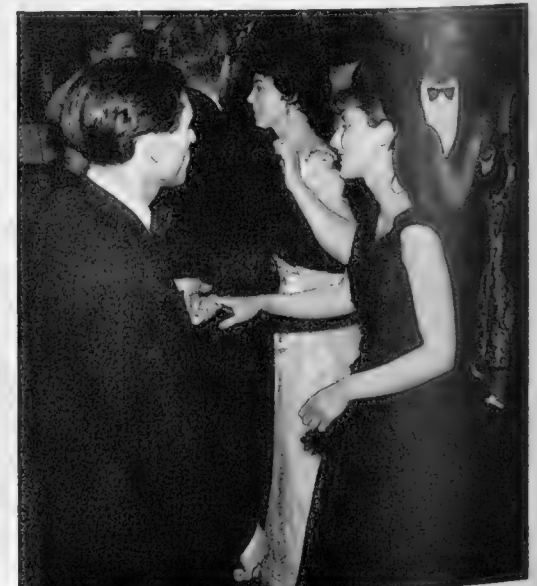
Mr. R. G. L. Taylor, president of the Bunbury Club, with Mrs. Taylor

Mr. & Mrs. J. Otter, Mr. G. Money, Miss Lisette Thames and Mr. & Mrs. D. M. Durant

Mr. Timothy Burrill, who is a film producer, with Miss Philippa Hare, a model

Mr. Desmond Heath danced a rock 'n' roll number with débutante Miss Susan Bunyan

Desmond O'Neill



SOCIAL JOURNAL

Royal patronage for Chester

by JENNIFER

THE Queen Mother, who had several official engagements in Cheshire before embarking on the Royal yacht Britannia for a five-day official visit to Northern Ireland, also fitted in an afternoon at Chester races. This, I was told, was the first time a member of the Royal Family had visited Chester races since the days of King Edward VII. The Queen Mother wore a light wool dress of a praline-mousse shade with a little yellow rose hat and silver-blue mink stole. She watched the racing from a box with the Earl & Countess of Derby, who were her hosts at Knowsley. She also made two visits to the paddock to see the horses, accompanied by Lord Derby. Racing is always of the highest standard at this meeting, which is also a great social gathering for those living in the north-west of England and North Wales.

Among those I saw on the opening day were Viscount & Viscountess Levegh—she was one of the stewards with the Earl of Rosebery and Lord Edward Hanmer—and the Earl & Countess of Sefton, the latter very soignée and chic in grey. They had a house party for the meeting at Croxeth. Margaret, Lady Glanusk, had come up from Glanusk Park in Breconshire and was among the Earl & Countess of Rothesay's guests at Cholmondeley Castle. Lady Rocksavage was, I thought, the best-dressed woman present on the first day, wearing a light blue suit and an off-the-face hat to match which suited her admirably. Other personalities of this part of the world at the meeting included Col. Gerald Grosvenor and his attractive wife who had a house party at Saigton Grange, Sir Walter & Lady Williams-Wynn, Sir Evelyn and Lady Delves Broughton who have done much to restore the family estates at Doddington and now have one of the most efficient and successful grass farms in the county. Lady Baker-Wilbraham, Sir Vivyan & the Hon. Lady Nayle-Leyland who live in North Wales, the Hon. Mrs. Peter Hotham in yellow tweeds, and Mr. Francis Williams, Q.C., who has recently been appointed Recorder of Chester, an office held by one of his ancestors 300 years ago; he was accompanied by his second daughter Tessa, but I did not see Mrs. Williams who had only just recovered from mumps (two of their daughters also caught it).

A cabaret after the racing

Daisy Lady Williams-Wynn was racing; also her son-in-law and eldest daughter Col. & Mrs. Richard Verdin, who had a house party at Stoke Hall, Nantwich, and were dispensing hospitality in their luncheon room, Mr. George Ridley accompanied by Mr. & Mrs. Tom Barty-King (his guests for the meeting), Lord & Lady Mostyn, and Mr. & Mrs. John Midwood and their pretty daughter Mrs. Rae, who told me she and her husband are having a house built in Cheshire. Others included Lord & Lady Kenyon, Miss Gina Barbour, Col. & Mrs. Churton, Miss Marigold Graham, and Mrs. Elaine Goldson, who had a runner on the second day and also organized a cabaret party that evening at Saughall in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. and of the Chester W.V.S. Forces Club.

Others who were staying nearby for the races included Sir Nicholas & Lady Cayzer who used to live in this district but now have a home in Suffolk, Viscount & Viscountess Allendale, the latter in a long cherry red coat and white hat, talking to the Hon. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh, Lady Anne Holland-Martin, Col. & Mrs. George Meyrick,



Crossley—Welch

Miss Alexandra Welch, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. Welch, of Perrot Farm, Graffham, Sussex, married Capt. the Hon. Richard Crossley, younger son of Lord & Lady Somerleyton, Somerleyton Hall, Suffolk, at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street. A guard of honour was mounted by the bridegroom's regiment, the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers



Law—Chick

Miss Josephine Mary Chick, daughter of Air/Cdre. J. S. Chick, M.C., A.F.C., & Mrs. Chick, of Hawkley, Victoria Road, Colchester, married Capt. John Francis Law, the Royal Irish Fusiliers (Princess Victoria's Own), younger son of Major F. C. Law, D.S.C., & Mrs. Law, of Weston, Duleek, Co. Meath, at St. Mary-at-the-Walls Church, Colchester



Royle—Stedeford

Miss Margaret Jill Stedeford, second daughter of Sir Ivan & Lady Stedeford, of Claverdon Hall, Claverdon, Warwickshire, married Mr. Timothy Royle, youngest son of Sir Lancelot & Lady Royle, Prince Albert Road, London, at All Souls' Church, Langham Place, London



Black—Holt

Miss Priscilla Mary Holt, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Holt, of Belmont, Devoran, Cornwall, married Mr. Michael Donald Gordon Black, M.C., son of the late Lt.-Col. M. G. Black, O.B.E., and of Mrs. Black, Edenwood, Cupar, Fife, at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square



The Duke of Bedford won a spin-dryer in the tombola. Above: the Duke and Mrs. John Ward, ball committee chairman



The Hon. Richard Smith, brother of the 4th Viscount Hambleden, took a turn at the microphone



Mr. Castello Branco, the Brazilian Counsellor, with Mrs. James Allason, wife of a Conservative candidate

Col. & Mrs. Tony Cooke, the Hon. Mrs. Archie Scott, Lord & Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mr. & Mrs. Edgar Bowring and Major Bonsor talking to Sir Humphrey de Trafford, who said he had not been to Chester races for a number of years. It was a happy visit for him as his niece Alyceidon colt Alcide, who is trained by the brilliant Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, won the Chester Vase. Alcide, like his sire who won a race here before winning the Derby, is also entered in this great classic.

Mrs. Rattigan saw her son's play

I went to the first night of Terence Rattigan's new play *Variation On A Theme* at the Globe Theatre. Margaret Leighton, looking lovely and wearing most exotic and glamorous clothes designed by Norman Hartnell, plays the dramatic lead (see Anthony Cookman's review on page 418). In the audience was the author's mother, Mrs. Rattigan, in a box with friends including Kay Kendall. In the stalls I saw Sir Anthony & Lady Doughty-Tichborne, Sir Noel & Lady Charles who are over from their home in the South of France for a short stay in London, Mr. Norman Hartnell who stopped on his way in to have a word with Irene Browne, the Hon. Anthony Asquith, Mr. & Mrs. Tommy Weldon, Mr. & Mrs. Adrian Bowring, Dorothy Dickson, Phyllis Neilson-Terry and Joyce Carey escorted by Graham Payn.

I went to an enjoyable cocktail party at Londonderry House given by Mrs. Nigel Sharpe to celebrate the 21st birthday of her son Mr. Jeremy Crewdson, whose father was killed in the war. Jeremy, who is now working in London, received the guests with his mother and was a splendid host, introducing and looking after his many young friends with great efficiency. Among those enjoying this party were some of this year's débutantes and a number who came out last year and the previous season. In the first category were Miss Penelope Graham, Miss Maxine Hodson, pretty in oyster satin, who was going on to a theatre, Miss Yvette Andrews, Miss Diane Kirk, Miss Christa Slater, and Miss Allegra Kent-Taylor.

The slightly older girls included Lady Caroline Giffard, who has inherited her mother's keen sense of humour, Miss Merle

Ropner, Miss Jane Gilroy, Miss Fiona McLean and Miss Victoria Porter. Among the young men guests were Mr. David Tatham, the Hon. Maurice Howard, the Marquess of Hamilton, Mr. Michael Broadhurst, Mr. John Magnay, Mr. Frank Plugge, Mr. Donald Barnard and Mr. Anthony Oppenheimer.

Lady Hawke has taken on the chairmanship of a committee of 100 débutantes led by her daughter the Hon. Annabel Hawke. It is arranging a garden party and cricket match on 15 June in aid of the National Playing Fields Association. Prince Philip has given his patronage to this match, which will be played on Sir Wolstan Dixie's cricket ground at Old Windsor. Mr. Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie, the Hampshire skipper, will captain Sir Wolstan's XI and Wing Commander Henry Chinnery will bring an XI of county cricketers; so it should be an excellent match. This year only 2,000 tickets will be issued, and the right of disposal is given to the committee of débutantes who will allot them to anyone who subscribes a guinea or more to the National Playing Fields Association. Donations and applications to Lady Hawke, 71 Eccleston Square, S.W.1.



THE HON. ANNABEL HAWKE, second of Lord Hawke's seven daughters, is on the committee which is arranging a garden party and cricket match in June in aid of the National Playing Fields Association. Miss Hawke had a coming-out dance last week

Don Carlos sparkled

One of the most brilliant evenings of grand opera we have enjoyed for a long time was the revival of Verdi's *Don Carlos* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. This is a superb production by the much-heralded Luchino Visconti, who is undoubtedly a genius. He has also designed all the magnificent sets and costumes and arranged the lighting. The opera, which was sung in Italian, was splendidly conducted by Carlo Giulini, and extremely well sung. Gré Brouwenstijn sang Elizabeth, Fedora Barbieri was the Princess of Eboli, Tito Gobbi took the part of Rodrigo, John Vickers of the Covent Garden company sang Don Carlos and Boris Christoff was superb as King Philip II of Spain.

The great opera house was packed. In the audience I saw the Earl & Countess of Harewood, the latter in red brocade, Marchioness Townshend very attractive in pale orchid mauve satin escorted by Sir Malcolm Sargent and both ecstatic about the production of the opera. Also there were Mme. Häggblöf, the Italian-born wife of the



Col. John Ward, who formerly commanded the Household Cavalry, and Diana Barnato Walker



Lt.-Col. Peter Williams, of the Life Guards, with Countess Jellicoe, whose husband is in the Foreign Office



Miss Julia Martineau, an ex-débutante and a member of the ball committee, with Mr. Christopher Sanderson

THE PIED PIPER BALL

The event which was held at the Hyde Park Hotel in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, has become one of the most social charity balls of the year. Mrs. John Ward, who on the night wore a pale yellow dress with a spotted organza top, was again the efficient chairman. She always gets her friends (many of whom are on the committee) to take tickets so that the ball is eventually more like a prize dance than the usual charity affair, and at the same time is always an outstanding financial success. This is not a dinner dance, so most people come on from dinner parties, and tables and chairs are arranged around the floor so that parties can keep together. A supper was served in the restaurant from 11.15 p.m. There was a tombola with excellent prizes, and a raffle in which one of the

prizes was a Pye "big screen" portable television, won by Mrs. Robey, who lives in Chelsea. There was also a cabaret.

The lovely Countess of Westmorland, who wore an embroidered sapphire-blue satin dress, was president of the ball. With her husband she was in Col. & Mrs. John Ward's big party, which also included the Duke of Bedford (who won a spin-dryer), the Duke de Primo de Rivera, Earl Beatty, Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, Col. & Mrs. Peter Williams, Mrs. Vane Ivanovic, Mrs. Jack Heinz, Mr. John Holbech, Capt. David Corbett and Miss Zena Marshall looking glamorous in a full-skirted short white slipper-satin dress. The deputy chairman, Mrs. Rupert de Zoete—who works hard for the N.S.P.C.C. during the year—and her husband had another party.

Around the room among friends I saw enjoying this ball were Countess Jellicoe, Lord & Lady George Scott, Mr. & Mrs. Charles Sweeny, Mr. & Mrs. Charles Maydwell, the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Lawson-Johnston, Mr. Ronald & Lady Gloria Flower, Mr. & Mrs. Derek Hague, Mr. & Mrs. Spencer Le Marchant, Mr. & Mrs. Archie Kidston, Capt. & Mrs. Edward Hulise, who brought a party, the Hon. Nicholas & Mrs. Beaumont, Brig. & Mrs. Alex Abel-Smith, Princess de Croy, Capt. John Greener, Miss Jane Darwin, Miss Vera Resch and the Hon. Rosemary Norrie. Miss Georgina Montagu-Douglas-Scott was in charge of the young programme-sellers, who included Miss Susanna Crawley, Miss Alice Rich, Miss Sally Poole, Miss Penelope Butler-Henderson, Miss Penelope Graham and Miss Diane Kirk.

Swedish Ambassador, Senhor Branco, Minister Counsellor at the Brazilian Embassy and his lovely wife, who was in a short black dress. Miss Evie Prebensen daughter of the Norwegian Ambassador, the Countess of Rosebery, a great connoisseur of music, escorted by Mr. Anthony Gishford, Mr. & Mrs. William Miller sitting in a box, Mrs. Vane Ivanovic and her sister-in-law Mrs. McLean, Lady (Charlotte) Bonham-Carter, Mrs. Gustave Weisweiler, her daughters Mrs. Michael Wood and Mrs. Denise Fitzpatrick, and her granddaughter Miss Shanet Fitzpatrick, a charming girl, musical and intelligent, who is making her début next season.

I also saw the Earl of Drogheda, the new chairman of the Directors of Covent Garden, and the Countess of Drogheda. They were in the Royal Box, and friends with them included the Earl of Crawford & Balcarres, Lady Birley and Ava Viscountess Waverley, whose late husband was the previous chairman of Covent Garden.

Q.C.s. at a débutante dance

After the opera I went on to the Hyde Park Hotel where I found a gay débutante dance in full swing. This was given jointly by Mrs. Stephen Twining and Mrs. John Bradshaw for their daughters Miss Jean Twining, who was in red, and Miss Annette Bradshaw, who wore blue. There were around 400 guests enjoying this happy evening, for which many of the older friends had given dinner parties. Among these I met Lord & Lady Ampthill, Mr. Geoffrey Cross, Q.C., & Mrs. Cross, Mr. John Hall, M.P. & Mrs. Hall, whose daughter Felicity looked attractive in white, Mrs. McCarthy, and Mr. & Mrs. Lyndsay Fynn.

I also met Mr. Stephen Twining, who was helping to make Jean and Annette's party a success, and that witty and amusing personality Mr. Montagu Gedge, Q.C., who was thoroughly enjoying himself. Besides the large number of this year's débutantes present—they

included the two very attractive French débutantes, Miss Eliane de Miramon and Miss Hélène de Bosmelet, who are having a London season—there was also a number of other young friends from overseas. Among these were Mlle. Gabrielle Tessdorf from Switzerland, Miss Betty Pell-Smith from Kenya, Fraulein Gabi Chunk who had come over especially for the dance from Germany, Finnish-born Miss Freya Ericson whose home is now in South Africa, Mlle. Maria Teresa Lello from Portugal and Miss Jessie Gillies from Canada, so the dance had an unusually international flavour. Mrs. Twining's elder daughter Margaret, who came out a couple of years ago, just missed her sister's dance as she had left two days before with a mission which will be touring Canada for several months.

Miss Sarah Legge, daughter of Mr. Philip Legge and Mrs. David Hindley-Smith, chose a tailored white slipper-satin wedding dress with a neat satin head-dress to hold her tulle veil in place when she



FIRST NIGHTERS—Viscountess Astor and Lady Tichborne were in the audience at the first night of the Terence Rattigan play *Variation On A Theme*



THE ANGLO-DANISH SOCIETY held a dinner and dance at the Savoy Hotel. Prince Philip, who is also a prince of Denmark, was the guest of honour. Above: Countess Beauchamp, Danish by birth, and Count Brockenhuus-Schack, chairman of the Anglo-Danish Society Council, received the guests

An Anglo-Danish dinner



Miss Julie and Miss Anne de Steensen-Leth, daughters of the Danish Ambassador



Prince Georg and Princess Anne of Denmark. They came over from Paris



Mme. Vincens de Steensen-Leth, wife of the Danish Ambassador, with Earl Beauchamp



Mr. & Mrs. Norman Chapling. He is managing director of Cable & Wireless

married Mr. William Stuttaford, son of the late Dr. W. J. E. Stuttaford and Mrs. Stuttaford, at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square, where the Rev. Charles Roderick conducted the service. The bride was attended by two children, Bruce and Christine Knox, and six older bridesmaids. The latter wore attractive and unusual dresses of dark blue and white striped cotton with white organza cowl collars, short white gloves and head-dresses of white flowers. They were her sister Miss Amanda Legge, Miss Sally Phipps-Hornby, Miss Serena Legge, Miss Jane Ransom, Miss Sarah Chester-Master and Miss Margaret Drage. The bridegroom's brother Mr. Frank Stuttaford was best man.

After the ceremony the bride's parents held a reception at Durham House in Chelsea, where there is some beautiful old panelling, and received the guests with the bridegroom's mother. Everyone was admiring the superb flower arrangements which had been done by the bride's mother who runs the very successful "Pennywise" flower decorations. She told me she is very busy now and is doing the flowers for quite a number of the big débutante balls this summer. A large number of young friends were at the wedding, which was on a Saturday. They included Mr. & Mrs. David Gow who have a nice home in Chelsea, Mr. Mike Ransom, Mr. Christopher Green, Mr. Peter Glossop who now works with one of the big investment groups, Mr. Robin Hornby who is a lawyer in the City, and the Hon. Clodagh Morris who is a secretary. She came with her mother, Lady Salmon. Also there were Miss April Villar and her fiancé Mr. Miles Rivett-Carnac who is in the Royal Navy. They plan to get married in the autumn. The bride and bridegroom afterwards left for their honeymoon, which they are spending on the Costa Brava.

A picnic on the polo ground

After attending church at St. Michael's on Sunday we took a picnic lunch down to Windsor Great Park and spent the afternoon watching polo. The Household Brigade Polo Club have once again got everything well arranged for the comfort of spectators, with good car parking and stands on Smith's Lawn. Prince Philip, whose polo improves every time one sees him playing, was in two consecutive matches on Number One ground, both times in the winning team. He is still playing off a three handicap. The first match was literally a walk-over for Windsor Park, whose team was: Col. Gerard Leigh 1, Capt. Ronnie Ferguson 2, that great player Col. Humphrey Guinness, who has a five handicap, playing number 3, and Prince Philip back. They form a grand team, playing really well together, which is so important. Windsor Park fairly trounced their opponents the Silver Leys team (Mr. R. Jaipa 1, Mr. Boyd Gibbins 2, Col. Prem Singh 3, and Mr. Billy Walsh back). They received half a goal and were beaten by 9 goals to 2½ goals. One of the losers' two goals was from a penalty which Col. Prem Singh hit magnificently from 60 yards.



Col. W. H. Gerard Leigh

The second match was Friar Park with Major Archie David 1, General Sir Richard McCreery 2, Mr. John Barton 3, and Prince Philip back, *versus* the Rest. This team, composed of Major J. M. Miller 1, Col. W. H. Whitbread 2, Mr. Withcombe 3, and Mr. J. W. M. Maunder back, received 1½ goals and were defeated by Friar Park by 5 goals to 3½.

As we were leaving, we watched for a short time a game on the second ground, where a Life Guards team consisting of Mr. R. P. Davies, Major Christopher Philipson, Capt. Ronnie Ferguson and Mr. W. Loyd were defeating a Grenadier Guards team in quite a fast game. Playing in the Grenadier Guards team were Major the Hon Nicholas Villiers, Major R. de la Hey, Col. James Nelson and Major P. T. Thwaites. Two young wives I saw watching this game were Mrs. Christopher Philipson and Mrs. Ronnie Ferguson.

Artist Honor Earl is once again holding an exhibition of her delightful portraits of children, in aid of charity. This is a brief one, from 2-6 June at the Folio Society, 70 Brook Street, and it is in aid of Family Service Units. The artist tells me that she knows from her own long experience of working in Borstals and prisons, how vitally necessary the F.S.U.'s work is. The portraits to be exhibited include two of Sir Winston and Lady Churchill's grandchildren, Arabella Churchill and Jeremy Soames.



NEWS PORTRAITS



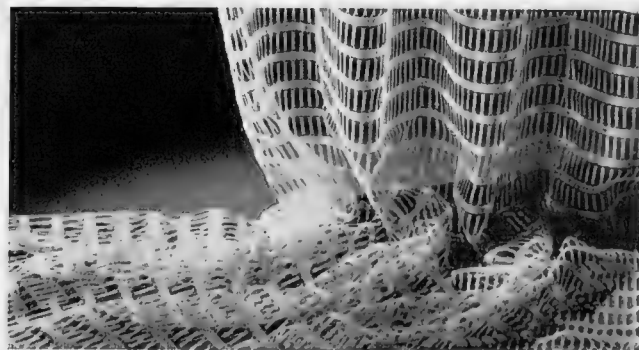
CRICKETER Prince Aly Khan, now Pakistan's delegate to the United Nations, is trying to popularize cricket in New York. He bowled the opening ball at a match between a Pakistani and an American team



ARCHITECT Mr. Basil Spence, O.B.E., who designed the new Coventry Cathedral, is to be the next president of the Royal Institute of British Architects. His latest commission is the new Hampstead Civic Centre



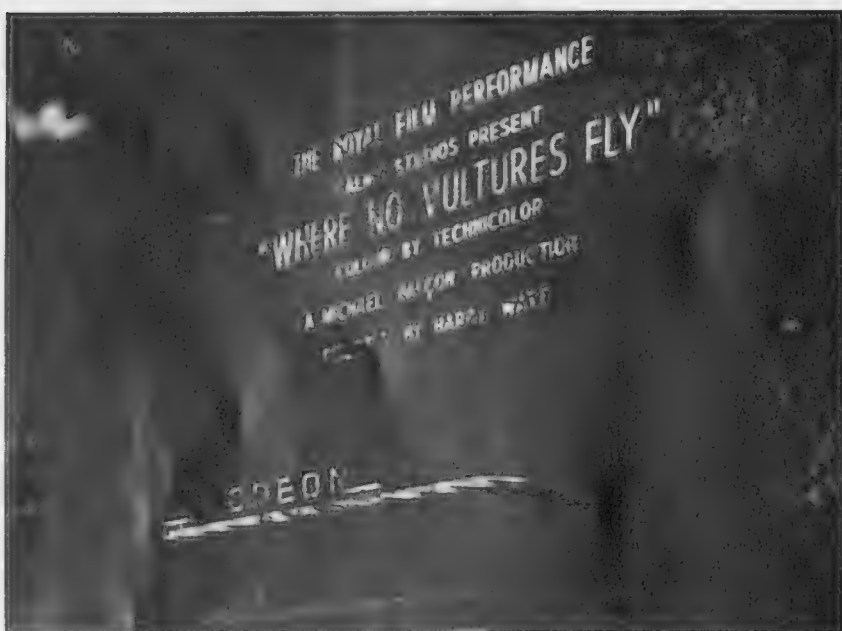
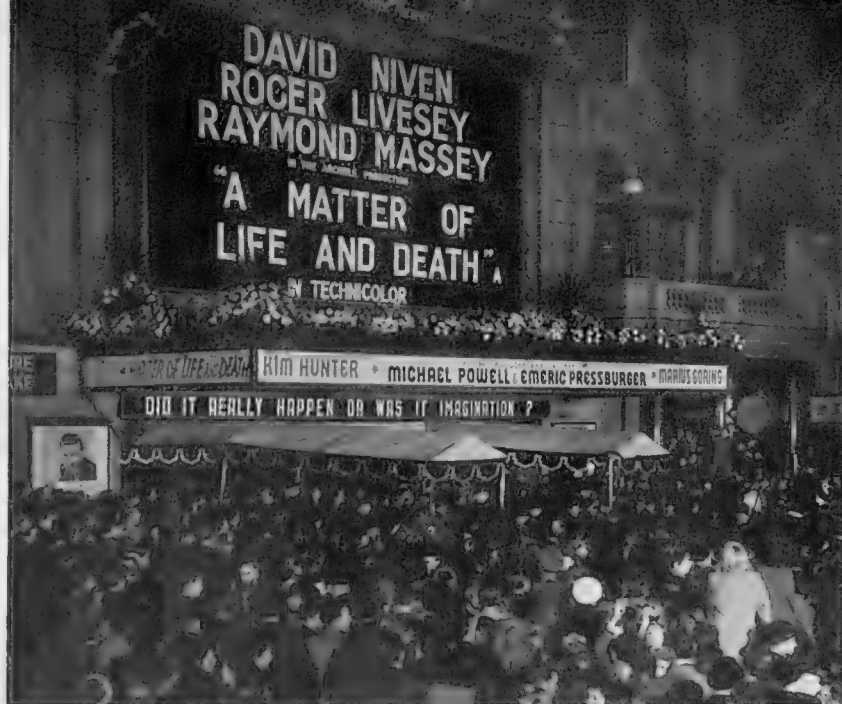
DESIGNS OF THE YEAR Prince Philip presented certificates at the Design Centre in Haymarket to the manufacturers of 20 products chosen as "Designs of the Year." On the right are three of the winning designs. From the top down: lightweight leather suitcases, by S. E. Norris & Co.; drip-dry net-curtaining in cotton reinforced with Terylene, by Clyde Manufacturing Co.; earthenware dinner service with lithographic decoration, by Ridgway Potteries



The film industry's annual showpiece has lost the Queen's regular patronage. This article puts some of the blame on commercialism and studio 'politics'

Why the Royal Film Show forfeited the 'royal'

by ERNEST BETTS



LONG before the Queen made her recent decision to end the annual Royal Film Performance there were those in the industry who would tell you—off the record, of course—that the show had become fossilized. The long, long trail of celluloid was leading to unparalleled *ennui* and obvious commercialism. But in fairness to those who worked their heads off to deliver a good show it has to be remembered that at one time it *was* a good show.

When it began, in 1946, it raised more than £30,000 for the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund. Soon everybody wanted to be on the bandwagon. Finally there was a cast of thousands—well, hundreds—assisting the benevolence. It was normal for more than 350 people to be on the General Committee, including, on one occasion, Noël Coward, Diana Dors and Peter Ustinov. Eleven ambassadors were on the Social Committee. Thirty-four persons of eminence were on THE Committee. Then there was the Executive Committee. I notice from a glance at the 1952 programme, in small but flattering type, that I was on it—with 49 others.

Then there was the Publicity Committee.

One would think that so powerful a striking force could scarcely fail to come up with a good picture. At the beginning it did produce *A Matter Of Life And Death*, quite one of the best. But towards the end good taste was abandoned. Students of embarrassment will remember *Beau Brummel*'s painful Regency scenes, the coarseness of *Because You're Mine*, and that cruel number from *Les Girls*. There was nothing wrong with these pictures for the generality of filmgoers. But their choice for a royal film performance was inexcusable. Nor did it help matters when, as a foregone conclusion, these pictures were subsequently exploited commercially as "the film chosen for the Royal Film Performance."

The end, after 12 years, is the sadder when one considers the strength of the royal interest in movies. The Queen enjoys films

OUTSIDE THE CINEMA, crowds always gathered to watch the arrival of the celebrities. Top: The first film at a royal performance was *A Matter Of Life And Death*. Centre: In 1951 *Where No Vultures Fly* was the choice. Bottom: Mario Lanza was the star of 1952's *Because You're Mine*



INSIDE THE CINEMA, celebrities and trade personalities always lined up to be presented to the Queen. Meeting her above (right to left): Mary Ure, Maureen Swanson, Sylvia Sims, Anthony Quayle, Marilyn Monroe, Victor Mature. In the background are Countess Mountbatten and Lord Rank

and part from public occasions, sees many of them at Buckingham Palace. Her taste is a catholic one, from the off-beat Western to the musical, or indeed any picture of quality or originality. Prince Philip, too, always supported the film industry and is on cordial terms with its top men. When he made his winter trip in the Britannia, I am told, he watched films aboard nearly every day.

Then, did Wardour Street manage to kill the R.F.P., as it was known in the industry? For one thing, the film chiefs made the awful mistake of mixing pictures with trade politics. Instead of choosing a film—American or British, designed to honour and please the Queen—that should have been simple enough and did not require a committee of geniuses—they chose a picture to boost the box office or placate some movie tycoon. Then, there was always a rumpus about the stage show, which was eventually abandoned. There was also the strange monotony of the presentations, for exactly the same faces seemed to crop up every year. So many of them, too.

I remember one melancholy occasion when the Queen and Prince Philip had just arrived in the lounge of the theatre where two solid ranks of trade personalities, mingled with stars, were lined up for the presentations. The Queen, viewing the endlessness of the faces, turned to an official and said, understandably: "Oh what a lot of faces!"

When George VI attended the very first of the royal shows one of the film people presented to him was a Cockney character known as Joe Grossman, then general manager of the Elstree Studios. He was the man of whom it is related that when he showed the King of Greece round the studios he pointed to some machinery and said: "Of course, King, this is all Greek to me!" He did almost as well with George VI. Masses of screaming fans had broken through the police cordons in Leicester Square and in the ensuing shambles the King's car was tilted up and nearly overturned; it took the police 20 minutes to get it from Warner's Theatre to the Empire. When the King met Joe Grossman later he said: "You must have had a lot of casualties this evening." Unabashed, Joe replied: "Well, it must have been a bit of a nuisance to you, your Majesty, but wonderful practice for the boys!"

Then there was the night a policeman's horse nearly got into the theatre. . . .

During the last two or three years the show lost much of its starry prestige. At one time American stars could not be

restrained from flying to London to be there. But of late the hard-faced men at their studios wouldn't play. And with the film chiefs down to their last swimming-pool and wondering where their next audience was coming from, you could scarcely blame them. In these days it costs about £2,000 to send a Hollywood star to a London première and get her back again—and that, brother, is real dough. The impoverished tycoons could justly claim that the voluptuous Jayne Mansfield and her internationally famous hips were required at the studio and were not available, or that Lollobrigida was lolling on a bridge in Venice and could not be disturbed.

Thus much of the beauty, excitement and élan of the Royal Film Performance, which, as a reflection of all the talents, always sought the cachet of international stardom, evaporated and disappeared. There was a strong feeling that the occasion had been let down. There was a good deal of inner criticism. There was plenty of outspoken comment from the press. It seems extraordinary that it has proved impossible for a genuinely independent body to choose a film for the Queen. Why bring the dust of controversy into the royal show? Why not just pick something good from Sir Carol Reed, or De Sica, or William Wyler of U.S.A.? I wish I knew. And now, I suppose, it's too late.

INTERNATIONAL STARS WHO CAME TO LONDON FOR THE SHOW INCLUDED (BELOW) JAYNE MANSFIELD, SOPHIA LOREN, AND YVONNE DE CARLO





A. V. Swaab

THE NIGHTINGALE BALL was held by the Surrey branch of the British Red Cross Society in their National Training centre at Wondersh. Above: Mrs. H. N. Moss, Colonel I. Lowe, formerly of the K.O.Y.L.I., Mrs. Charles Perkins, Mr. H. N. Moss, managing director of Moss Bros., and Mrs. I. Lowe, chairman of the ball committee



The ball was organized to celebrate World Red Cross Day. Above: Miss Sally Thornycroft, Mr. James Redgrave, who is at Lloyd's, Miss Elizabeth Rance, daughter of Sir Robert Rance, and Mr. Richard Salter, a commodity broker. Miss Rance works for the director of the Overseas Branches of the Society

ROUNDAABOUT

My days out of town—are they so peaceful?

by VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER



I AM a countryman. I have about 130 acres of steepish stock land near Exmoor, and I write books, articles and scripts, mostly on country subjects: a textbook on farming, the history of an estate, studies of village life (never sentimental), a talk about pigs or rights-of-way. I am also interested in local government, was a parish councillor for years, and now sit on Exmoor National Park committees. From that you might imagine me to be a sort of overgrown cabbage, bewhiskered, besozzled, very earthy—and oh so dull. Well, of course, I may be. Or, to be less personal, you may think like Sydney Smith when he wrote to Miss Harcourt in 1838: "I have no relish for the country; it is a kind of healthy grave."

It depends how you judge dullness or death. If your standard is busy-ness, then the country takes some beating, at any rate, down here. Take my day. I no longer do my own farmwork, so get up at a gentlemanly hour and breakfast at eight. Letters arrive at eight-thirty and I deal with them and other chores till about eleven, not forgetting a word with the farm manager about jobs in hand. At eleven a cup of tea, and then two hours' solid scribbling till lunch. I am at work at the moment on a piece of social history, which means a lot of looking up. So I have filled my dressing-room and the drawing-room with heavy books of reference and boxes of papers,

and wander between them and my study more or less without stop. Cleaning has to be done by stealth. I *hate* being tidied up—whoever found anything in a drawer or a cupboard? The floor is the place.



THE ROUNDAABOUT AUTHOR this week is a cousin of Mr. Mark Bonham-Carter, the new Liberal M.P. for Torrington, and is writing a study of Liberalism from Bonham-Carter family records. He is a broadcaster and author of *The English Village*

Of course there are interruptions. Not callers—my wife deals with them—but the telephone. Will I open a church fête (delighted), sell tickets for a draw (sorry, never can sell anyone anything), come on Friday for a drink (of course), take the chair at a political meeting (guess which one), tell a sweet young thing what my son is doing tomorrow evening (not my business), do a piece on English cattle for the East European Service of the B.B.C. (put it in the post tonight, won't you, old man?). Some days are worse than others, but we certainly help the Post Office make a profit on the telephone service.

After lunch, I generally go out. To the farm, if it is fine, and do some *real* work: ploughing, possibly, or fencing or hauling muck; it depends on the season and the emergency. Otherwise I may have to drive in to Taunton for a committee meeting, and discuss *inter alia* ways of dealing with the tons of litter chucked out on the moor every year by "visitors" in charabanes and the most expensive cars. The beauty spots round Porlock, I should think, yield as good crops of paper, bottles and tins as any place in the country, Blackpool included. Just now the burning question, oddly enough, is trees. The Forestry Commission wants to plant a thousand acres of conifers on and around The Chains, a high plateau and one of the most desolate spots on Exmoor, the source

for the Red Cross



The training centre was given to the British Red Cross Society in 1944. A group of people, including Mrs. Robert Pezaro, Mr. Monty Moss, director of Moss E, Mrs. Monty Moss, and Mr. Robert Pezaro.



Miss Susan Page, a débutante whose father is chairman of a brewing company, with Mr. Hugh Newcomb



Miss Rosemary Edwards, who hunts with the Hambledon, with Mr. Colin Thompson, who farms



The Hon. Mrs. Patrick Kinnaird, deputy president of the Surrey Branch, with Col. E. R. Newcomb, the director

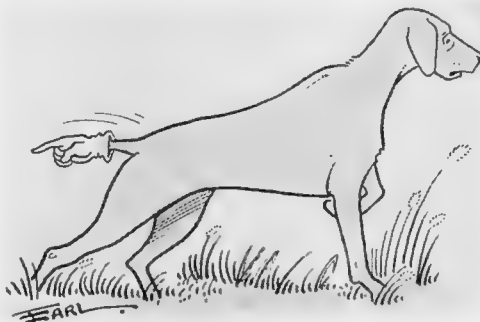


Mrs. Gerald Bentall with her husband. He is chairman and managing director of Bentall's of Kingston

of several rivers and a potential Nature Reserve. Furthermore at 1,600 ft. or so it has marvellous views towards all points of the compass, and can itself be seen from everywhere. The National Parks Commission and local committees, on the other hand, feel it should be kept as it is, just because it is wild and ancient and beautiful. They are quite willing to consider other places on the map for afforestation. Well, at the end of April both sides mustered their forces and met in an amicable manner out on the ground.

It was a distinguished battle led by the Earl of Radnor, chairman of the Forestry Commission, and Earl Fortescue, the landowner on the one side; by Lord Strang, chairman of the National Parks Commission, and Lt.-Gen. Sir Reginald Savory, leader of the "locals," on the other. A convoy of jeeps took us out to the vantage points, where we got out and looked and argued. Finally we returned to the Exmoor Forest Hotel at Simsbath for cheese and beer and further talk before dispersing to our tents. It was an indecisive battle, which has now got to be

decided by the Ministers. As a local, I feel strongly it would be vandalism to have soft-woods and stark wire fences up there, and I truly believe that everyone who knows and cares about it thinks so, too.



To return to my "day." The three hours after tea are for me the best time for writing. The telephone is usually silent, chores are over, and everyone else seems properly occupied. It is only then possible to have continuity, and I firmly believe that most

worthwhile work springs from persistence rather than from inspiration. In fact inspiration, or what-have-you, is the result of sticking to a task and working at it until you have got the whole thing sorted out. At that moment the great idea turns up, but you must have the gestation period first. Five hours a day of writing is the limit for me. But the most difficult part is the beginning. Most artists agree about that. You do anything in order *not* to have to start: light a pipe, take the dog for a walk, do your accounts for the second time in two days, even read a novel. But gradually a sense of Nemesis overcomes you, and in the end you tear into the work in a sort of guilty panic—at the thought of so much time wasted, I suppose.

By the way, should anyone think that my sort of life is ideal—let them try it. I don't say it's not; but really I have always been too busy to decide on the answer. Whatever else it is—and I hope I have convinced you by now—it is not dull. The country may be healthy, but it is not a grave. I think that old Sydney Smith was pulling Miss Harcourt's decorative leg.



BRIGGS



by Graham

Hostesses bothered by the servant problem may long for the bygone time described...

by PRIMROSE ROSTRON

When chars charged 6d. a day

IN these democratic days of choosy cooks and disappearing Abigails, our draughty stately homes and Mayfair flats are cleaned by hoovering duchesses, and dowagers with a mop. In the Middle Ages, domestic problems were solved by the simple expedient of forbidding spinsters under fifty and "mighty in body to labour" from living in houses by themselves before marriage. They were pressed into service, where—dressed in dark, stuff gowns, their hair hidden under coiffes like nuns—they scoured the wooden pots, dusted with heather mops and wielded large brooms of osier and birch.

Many employers, though, were good to their servants. Elizabeth de Burgh left her maid, Suzanne, 12 silver porringers, two silver cruets and a horse's bit, while in her will of March 1481, Dame Agnes Scott left her maid a "fedderbedde, a bolster, a pair of blankets, and covering of blew for the bedde. A playne tablecloth and a large playne towel."

In Tudor times, when the standard of living was rising, domestics ate dry bread instead of bran, and slept beneath a sheet. Each girl had her hat of taffatie and a best gown costing a crown a yard to wear on Sundays and holy-days. Her working wardrobe included a blue and black kirtle, three smocks, four neckchiefs and five kerchiefs. Hose and shoes were "dere," so she made do with one pair of each.

A maid's duties included helping her mistress into the wheel-farthingale, fastening the long metal stays beneath, and fixing the whisk around her neck. The pomander was kept filled with musk or civet, as baths were rare and underclothes seldom changed. A knowledge of the herb garden was useful, and fashionable ladies swallowed Queen Elizabeth's own "posset for winde," made up of ginger, cinnamon, caraway seeds; powdered, and eaten before meat.

Shoes were cleaned with small beer, and the good maid swept under every bench.

And shaekt the coshens in their kinde.

When out of order she did finde.

Lady Verney employed two personal maids, Bess and Luce, whose wages were £3-£5 a year—also one groat a month for needlework—but they neither washed nor starched. During the Commonwealth Bess went with the Verneys to France, where she received gifts of "trimmed gloves, embroidered."

Hannah Wolley, the 17th-century Mrs. Beeton, gave much advice on domestic service. She warned girls: "Encline not to sloth in bed." Dress neatly, "not like a Bartholomew Baby fit for nothing else but to be looked upon."

A waiting-maid (often a gentlewoman) should write a good hand, be skilled in arithmetic, carve well, and know how to display a crane when necessary. "Unfold his legs, cut off his wings at the joynts," put these in a sauce of ginger, mustard and vinegar. Housekeepers had to have an extensive knowledge of conserving and candying, and had to see the underservants "performed their duties in their several places." Chambermaids washed the linen, and had to be adept in starching tiffanies (gauzes), points and laces. Silk stockings were cleaned by being laid on a table, rubbed over three times with a soapy lather with a "piece of cloth, such as seamen use for sails." Lace collars were cleaned by rubbing with white bread.

Nursemaids were bidden to love their charges, to stop them from drinking too much wine, and to administer the frequent worm powders. In the kitchen, under-cookmaids were warned against brave gallants who fall upon the scullery wench, be she ever so greasie.

Hannah urged mistresses to see that the best dough was used for bread, not cakes, so that the servants should not have indigestion from eating hot or new bread.

In the following century chars were paid 6d. a day, often with beer and tea money. Washing clothes was called a-bucking. Soap cost 3d. or 4d. a pound, and departing



"Oh, oh, let 'em ring again!" A kitchen scene by George Cruikshank, the famous illustrator of Dickens



Queen Elizabeth and her courtiers eat a woodland meal while hunting. Note the busy servants. From a woodcut of 1575

guests tipped the staff by leaving a shilling under the candlestick.

After paying a visit Jonathan Swift cynically suggested to serving wenches: "Making beds in hot weather is very labourious, and you will sweat. Wipe your forehead on the corner of the sheet, so that the drops will not fall into the bed!" Also: "When spreading bread and butter for tea, let the mark of your thumb be seen on every slice to show your clean hands."

Small negro boys employed as pages wore a silver collar round their necks, with their owners' names inscribed.

The servants of Lady Hippersley's household were well disciplined. Her Day Book of 1814 recorded that every maid carried a small lanthorn to bed after the lights and kitchen fire were put out at 10 p.m. The housekeeper handed out soap and starch. Wages, paid on May 1 and November 1, were 6s. a week with vegetables from the garden, small beer, coal and candle. Their eccentric mistress kept a tame bear in her bedroom, and bathed in a sunken bath under a blue ceiling with golden stars.

In a more modest establishment the cost of keeping one female servant was £9 8s. a year (1823). Her wages were probably £10.

In mid-19th-century Belgravia, Henry Mayhew has described Jane Bell dressing the impecunious Lady Mary. She also acted as housemaid and cook during the London Season. In those days kitchenmaids and housemaids were paid £10-£14 a year. Under-housemaids £16 and given their tea and sugar. Cooks, head housemaids and nurses received £18-£25 a year.

Life below stairs was often convivial. Mayhew tells of one employer kept waiting for half-an-hour on her own doorstep, as the staff thought she was in church and they could not be bothered to answer bells! A bridal couple, returning from their honeymoon, found their new maid reeking of gin and asleep before the fire, while their new sheets, which were airing, were burnt to rags. Their char was paid 1s. 6d. a day, given two pots of beer and a glass of spirits.

Few of today's brides can afford a whole-time Mrs. Mop, now that the rate is 3s. 6d. an hour. After years of toil, one devoted husband achieved an income of £10,000 per annum (gross). After tax, he found he could afford the luxury of a double-unit sink in which to wash up beside his wife!



Miss Caroline Hawke, daughter of Mrs. Alec Mason. The party was given for her at the Hurlingham Club

The daughter of a former Lord Mayor of London, Miss Melanie Lowson, with Mr. Christopher Groom



Miss Deirdre Hamilton-Hill and the Hon. Michael Spring Rice, brother of Lord Monteleale of Brandon

Miss Dominie Riley-Smith and Mr. Nicholas Plunket were two of the 250 guests



Mr. David Needham, who is at Lloyd's, with Miss Anna Battye. The Hurlingham clubhouse and gardens were floodlit

Miss Sally Kemp Gee dancing with Mr. Rodney Radcliffe, who works in the City of London



Van Hallan



Below: Mrs. Alec Mason's party

DÉBUTANTES CELEBRATE

Below: The Andrews-Chettle party



A. V. Swaabe

Miss Donna Chettle, daughter of Mrs. J. E. Chettle, and Miss Maxine Hodson, daughter of Mrs. E. D. Andrews, two girls the party was given for

Mr. Adrian Muir and Miss Jennifer Burness. The party was at Mr. & Mrs. Alexander Eddy's flat in Bryanston Court



Mr. Michael Morse, Miss Yvette Andrews (Mrs. Andrews's stepdaughter, who also shared the party), Mr. Jeremy Crewdson and Miss Diane Kirk

Miss Joan Lawton, daughter of the managing director of a chocolate company, with Mr. John Impey



Mr. Paul Lipscomb, whose father is an industrial chemist, Miss Sabrina Longland, daughter of Col. & Mrs. Richard Longland, and Mr. Anthony Morse

A niece of Lord Faringdon, Miss Jane Stockdale, talking to Mr. Geoffrey Earle, who lives in Berkshire



PRISCILLA IN PARIS

City fathers press the switch

WITH delight I laud the City Fathers for the nightly floodlighting of the monuments and buildings that are the pride of France, and the new fluorescent illumination of the avenue Foch (though what do the lovers think of it all?). Paris used to be known as *la Ville Lumière* but of late years we have become accustomed to its twilight. Now we are dazzled and delighted; and what a clean-up we are having. The fire brigade has been working overtime, and the imposing statue of the Republic on the Place de la République has been hosed with such energy that, cleansed of soot and bird droppings, we now can admire the towering effigy of "Marianne" and realize that it is made of "real genuine" bronze as I heard an impressed visitor remark. Between 25 May and 4 June, after 6,000 new wastepaper receptacles have been added to the 4,000 that already exist and are so little worn from normal usage, 100,000 school-children will be told off to see—with the greatest politeness—that they are made use of. I foresee that a happy time will be had but, perhaps, not by all. With great urbanity our four-footed friends will be required to make use of the gutter rather than the middle of the pavement and this is as it should be. My own tyke is perfectly street trained. Unfortunately now that eight owner-drivers out of 10 garage their cars in the street every night and that, in the daytime, parking is a tail-light to mascot formation along every curb, I am afraid that an inexperienced Fido will have a perilous time of it.

These grand innovations are not, of course, made in a spirit of rivalry with the magnificent exhibition now open at Brussels, but they are certainly a very laudable attempt to honour it. That tidy, clean city that I know and like so well, having lived there from 1913 to 1918, has often been called "little Paris." It would not be fitting for visitors to Brussels who, going or coming, may pass through this town, to find "big Paris" *en déshabillé*.

It was a very warm day for the 18th "Book Afternoon" at the Maison de la Chimie in the rue St. Dominique. I have never been able to make up my mind about this "literary" function. Is it a pleasure or a penalty? Pleasant certainly for the author of a best-seller to be surrounded by a crowd of admirers eager to buy an autographed copy of his/her book, but what a penalty for an over-confident writer who finds that there is not the demand for his/her brain-child that he/she so fondly expected. Authors, however, best-selling or not, seem to be canny creatures. They enlist the help of charming stars of the stage and screen as sales ladies and this consoles them when consolation is needed.

One of the most disgruntled authors was Michel Georges Michel who cannot get over his disappointment at the way his famous novel *Les Montparnos* (reprinted for the many times) has been maltreated in Jacques Becker's film *Montparnasse 19*. It also seemed to me that Maurice Dekobra was a little depressed and Françoise Sagan—who is now Mme. Guy Schoeller—was simply one of the also-presents so far as autographs went, but she was amusingly holding forth about the hideousness of the hats all around us; she is, herself, a confirmed non-wearer of any kind of head covering.

Among the busily scribbling authors were André Maurois, the lone navigator Bompard, the actor Jean-Pierre Aumont—his memoirs

rather quickly and after a little while she must have felt lonely and, perhaps, slightly bored; as it was a cold evening she wandered into the lobby of a little hotel on the avenue and went to sleep under the reception desk. Her trainer came and collected her quietly. Dear Gladys!

It has been said to me—but who will believe it even though it was a City Father who spoke?—that the Grand Palais is to become an automobile parking ground. The Grand Palais is, to Paris, what Madison Square Garden is to New York and Olympia to London. Horse Shows. Salons of every description from automobile to painting, and all the Arts from Decorative to Domestic! There is one great difference, however. While

Olympia—if I remember correctly—is out 'Ammersmith way and Madison Square Garden is not precisely in the centre of the city, the Grand Palais stands exactly on the edge of one of the finest avenues in Paris, that of the Champs-Élysées, and we refuse to believe that our muddy or battered or dirty or even well-kept vehicles will be allowed to park there, be they limousines or Lizzies.

If this shattering thing should happen it looks, however, as if the Grand Palais will face its discomfiture bravely and retire *en beauté*. Its great bronze doors will open widely on 5 June for the famous annual *Bal des Petits Lits Blancs* that will be given for the 28th time this year. The "Little White Beds" is a charitable association, presided over by the Baronne Sellières, that has done immense good to the poor and ailing children of Paris. The dinner that invariably precedes the ball will take place on the flower-decked *pourtour* above the dancing floor

and the stage, where Marcel Idzkowski and Robert Pizani will present an all-star show. *Tout Paris*, and a great deal of London, will be there.

I passed a very gay evening at the operetta *La Quincaillière de Chicago*, which might be translated as: "The Hardware Girl from Chicago." It is an unpretentious, merry affair that ran for a year on the boulevards, toured all over France and has returned to Paris enjoying a greater success than ever with Jeanne Aubert in the leading part. Given that Jeanne was at the Palais-Royal all the autumn in straight comedy and that her rôle was a most exhausting one I think she lives up to the title of the operetta but one would have to make a slight alteration: the Hard Wear Girl would be more to the point.

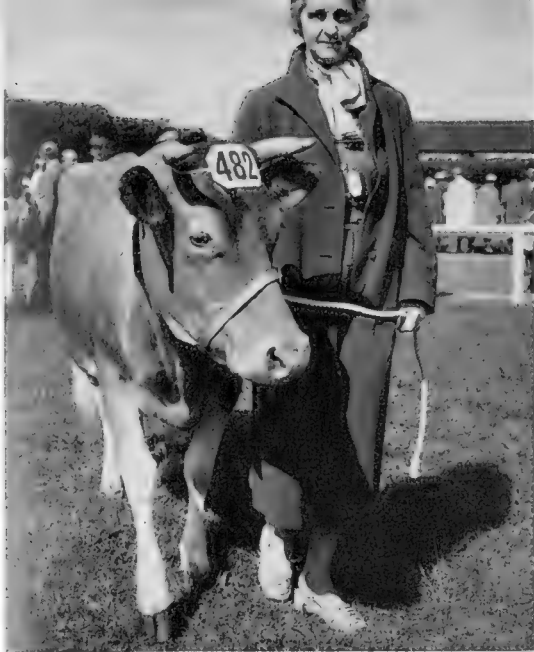
Required reading for all Proustians is Fernand Gregh's slim book of souvenirs, *Mon amitié avec Marcel Proust*. M. Gregh, a member of the Académie-Française, is 85. Writing with a vividly graphic pen he recalls in detail his meeting with the novelist in 1892.



The Place du Tertre, Montmartre

are selling well—Roland Dorgelès, Paul Guth and Gisèle d'Assailly, to name but the usual few. There were even more theatre folk than pen-pushers and I met them all again at the Galérie Royale for the varnishing of the *Salon des Etoiles*. Martine Carol who has quite a feeling for colour, Evelyn Kerr who was the first of all the stage "Gigs," dimpled little Cécile Aubry who has deserted the stage and screen and might have been at the Book Afternoon, for she has written, as well as illustrated, some delightful stories for children; her contribution to the *Salon des Etoiles* is the portrait of her own infant (one hopes the bambino hasn't seen it!).

But what really thrilled me was Mme. Rasky's excellent study of Gladys. Gladys is that most engaging and adventuresome young lioness who took a four-metre leap over the railings of a circus ring and went for a quiet stroll down the avenue du Trône a few weeks ago. She seemed such a placid, self-controlled creature that there was no panic. People simply got out of her path



The Viscountess de Vesci, of Abbeyleix, Co. Leix. Her exhibit, Martha of La Cour de Longue, won the silver medal for the best Guernsey in the show



The Hon. Diana Carew with Miss Alexandra Kindall (left) from Kent. At 17 Miss Carew, recently appointed joint-Master of the North Kildare hounds, is the youngest M.F.H. in the world



Mrs. Molly Ellis, of Maynooth, Co. Kildare, has been a noted breeder of Jersey cattle since she went to live in Ireland. Her entry, Strathfair, won three first prizes

AT THE DUBLIN SPRING SHOW



Mrs. Michael Carvill with Lady Crofton. Mrs. Carvill is the sister of Sir Peter Nugent, Bt.



Lt.-Col. Denis Purdon, M.F.H., with Mrs. Purdon and Lord Brocket. Lord Brocket was one of the biggest exhibitors at the show



Capt. the Hon. John Brooke & Mrs. Brooke came from Northern Ireland. Capt. Brooke is the son of Viscount Brookeborough, the Ulster Prime Minister



C. C. Fennell
Viscount Powerscourt, a vice-president of the Royal Dublin Society, with his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Hercules Langrishe



Mr. J. M. Tilling, of East Grinstead, Sussex, and Mrs. Pamela Carruthers, of Chippenham, Wiltshire. They judged the children's entries



Lord & Lady Mount-Charles. Lord Mount-Charles is the son and heir of the Marquess of Conyngnam



THE
TATLER

At the Spring in Mayfair ball



Lord Ellenborough, Lady Victor Paget, deputy vice-chairman of the ball, and Major J. Gervase-Lang, F.Z.S., F.R.S.(Litt.)



Lady Cynthia Colville, president and chairman of the British Epilepsy Association, and Lord Ellenborough, chairman of the ball committee, received

Mr. & Mrs. William Harries. Mrs. Harries was vice-chairman of the ball committee. Her husband is chairman and managing director of the Regentone radio and TV group

Miss Susan Forbes and Mr. Ian Bain, who have just announced their engagement. Mr. Bain is the Scottish hammer-throw champion

Lady Rowlandson, wife of Sir Graham Rowlandson, High Sheriff of Middlesex, with Lord Evans, the Queen





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GIN MAYFAIR ball was held at the May Fair Hotel in aid of the
Epsy Association. Above: Mrs. Donald Bradley, Lady Bird and
M. Bradley, Jr., Mrs. Bradley and her son come from Seattle

Lady Keyes with her husband, Lord Keyes, who was a vice-president of the
committee, and Lady Norton, Mayoress of Westminster. Lord & Lady
Keyes live at Cranbrook in Kent



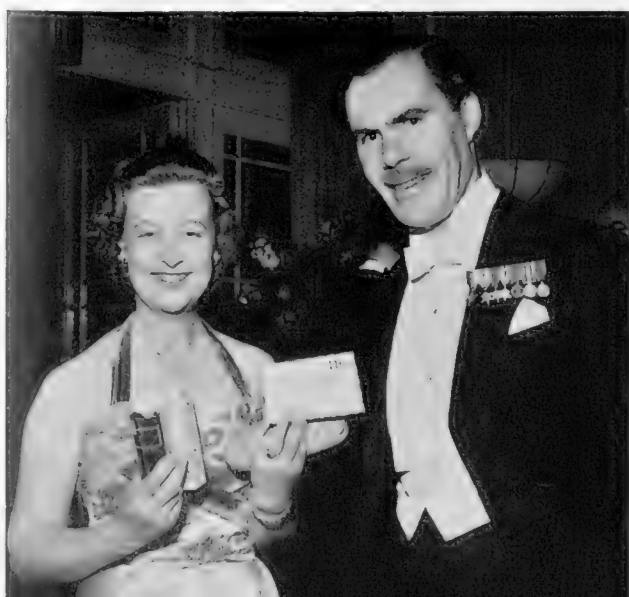
Association, and Lady
the guests

The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Denis Truscott, president of the ball committee, with the Duchess of Gloucester,
who was the patron of the ball, and Lady Truscott, the Lady Mayoress

Mr. Petre Crowder, barrister and Member of Parliament
for Ruislip-Northwood, with his wife. She is the daughter
of Lord Mowbray, Segrave & Stourton

Lord & Lady Auckland at the tombola. Lord Auckland succeeded
to the title last year, and is a relative of Sir Anthony Eden.
They live at Ashted, in Surrey

Van Hallen



THEATRE

The bloom is off the camellias

by ANTHONY COOKMAN



Hard-headed Sam (Michael Goodliffe) and hopeful Kurt (George Pravda), who bring some fresh air into a rather stuffy situation



WHEN A GOOD CRY DOESN'T HELP. Rose Fish (Margaret Leighton) reaches the moment of truth after a career of bogus sentiment—and realizes it is too late. Her friend from the ballet, Ron (Jeremy Brett), whom she so strangely prefers to the rich business-man, shows his gratitude by bursting into a sympathetic boo-hoo. But for him, too, it is the end of the emotional road. Hettie (Jean Anderson), the aristocratic companion-housekeeper, finds this uninhibited display but little to her taste

PLAYWRITING is a horribly treacherous game, even for a Terence Rattigan, if he happens to get off on the wrong foot. In *Variation On A Theme* at the Globe a brilliantly attractive idea has lured him into a thicket where his confident sense of theatre seems only to pin-point his failure to net the idea.

He tells us plainly enough what he is after. He is trying to work out for Miss Margaret Leighton a modern equivalent to the part of the kind-hearted courtesan in *La Dame Aux Camellias*, the lady who pathetically finds true love too late and dies in the fifth act of phthisis on a Louis Quinze sofa. We see the attraction of the idea. If he had succeeded in bringing the old romanticism into line with our harsher, more astringent romanticism while deftly indicating amusing parallels with the original play the result would have been acclaimed as a fresh *tour-de-force* by the author of *Separate Tables*. Something has gone wrong with the venture, and the critical heavens have opened to demand thunderously how he ever came to suppose the idea worth pursuing.

The old play, it is pointed out, is all champagne and tears. Anyone who has seen Mlle. Edwige Feuillère or Miss Greta Garbo as Marguerite Gautier knows that a feeling of the springtime of life blows through a story that is much less sordid than its youthful author, Dumas *filis*, fondly imagined it to be. It has a sentimental charm that time has not, even yet, vulgarized. What is to happen to this charm if the new Marguerite is to be represented as an up-to-date mercenary type. Can the story afford to dispense with a deeply romantic glow? Mr. Rattigan assumes—a little rashly, I think—that if he paints the leading figures truthfully they will in the end make their own deeply romantic glow.

He certainly makes it as hard as he possibly can for us to condone the frailties of his Rose Fish. She is a Birmingham typist who has graduated to a villa near Cannes by way of four wealthy husbands. She is about to marry a fifth, a middle-aged reasonably good-natured German "gutter tycoon" with oodles of money, when a boy from the ballet, a mixed-up kid picked up casually in a bar, amuses her fancy. She falls for Ron with a crash. The surprising

thing is that Mr. Rattigan never makes us feel that this boy is anything more to Rose than the caprice of a woman jaded with much calculating gold-digging. Neither in her relations with her aloof 15-year-old daughter nor with her solicitous housekeeper-companion, and certainly not in her relations with the man whose money she intends to marry, is Rose anything but a self-indulgent vulgarian.

She can be amusing in her petulance, she can show a wry sense of humour, she can be vehement in defiance or in despair and her essential loneliness is sadly plain, but the over-riding impression is of her hardness as a woman. She is the sort of woman to take up a boy because something in his emotional dependence flatters her vanity, but she is not the sort of woman to give up the boy for his own good.

Mr. Rattigan's failure to convince us that some genuine sensibility has survived in his gold-digging heroine weakens her big scene of renunciation, even though he has it spoken piquantly into a tape-recording machine with the traditional sobs and coughs.

We do not feel that there is anything final in this emotional business. Nor do we feel our hearts warming when Rose, who should be on her way to a sanatorium, casts everything to the winds for the sake of a few hectic days and nights with the boy she cannot resist. This heroine is never more emotionally alive than in the preceding scene in which she tries to fight off the fatal fascination with a pretence of resounding scorn.

I cannot help thinking that Mr. Rattigan might have failed to create a modern counterpart to Marguerite Gautier and still have given us a fine play if he had given Ron deeper attention. He presents this youth as a natural gigolo whose chief stock-in-trade is self-pity, but he makes only a half-hearted attempt to explain him or to develop his emotional dependence into something that might give his victim some compelling dramatic reason for regarding him as something more than a temptation she cannot resist. There is as little gaiety in him as in her.

Mr. Jeremy Brett's unsentimental treatment of the awful boy is as good as well could be, and under Sir John Gielgud's direction there are variously attractive performances by Mr. Michael Goodliffe, Miss Jean Anderson, Mr. George Pravda and Miss Felicity Ross. Within the limits of her part Miss Leighton, of course, abounds superbly.



THE MOSCOW ARTS THEATRE COMPANY is appearing at the Sadler's Wells in a season of Chekov in Russian. The plays include *The Cherry Orchard*, *Uncle Vanya* and *The Three*

Sisters, a scene from which is shown. (L. to r.) Solyony (Yuri Leonidor), Vershinin (Pavel Massalsky), Masha (Margerita Yuryeva), Olga (Kira Ivanova) and Irina (Rayissa Maximova)

Moscow players act in London



Three of the company's leading actresses are: Alla Tarasova, a People's Artist of the U.S.S.R. (left), Margerita Anastasieva (centre), and Rayissa Maximova



The Hon. Gerald Lascelles with Ella Fitzgerald at a reception during her tour of Britain this month

RECORDS

Festivals of jazz

by GERALD LASCELLES

ARTS Festivals are in the news today, particularly if you happen to be a jazz fan. The promoters of the Leeds and Edinburgh Festivals have both thought it appropriate to try to include major jazz artistes in their programmes. My fervent hope is that this is not a temporary inclusion, due to a current fashionable trend; I would rather hope that it is a belated recognition of the artistry so many jazz performers have displayed for many years. The biggest news is that Duke Ellington and his orchestra are to appear for a week at Leeds in October, and there is a chance that Louis Armstrong may bring his All Stars to Edinburgh. With equal enterprise both the Festival at Bath in July and the two-day Beaulieu Jazz Festival in August are to give prominence to British musicians, including Humphrey Lyttelton and Johnny Dankworth. Meanwhile the Brussels Exhibition plans to promote both Satchmo and Benny Goodman among a succession of notable jazz performers during the summer months.

Armstrong features prominently in two recent Philips long-players which reissue historical records of vital interest in the development of jazz. The first features his Hot Five in their earliest works, while the second displays the virtuoso Armstrong in company with an assortment of large bands, recorded in the early 'thirties.

Two of my favourite white jazzmen join forces on Capitol to produce an arbitrary "Jazz Ultimate." They are trombonist Jack Teagarden and trumpeter Bobby Hackett. Both have lucrative ideas about the interpretation of melody, and their loose approximation to Dixieland is as unimportant as their relaxed atmosphere is essential to good jazz. A Columbia release by the "Dixiecats" (the sleeve resplendent with playful kittens) makes for delightful listening in distinguished company. Red Allen on trumpet, Willie "The Lion" Smith on piano, and Zutty Singleton on drums, all have what it takes to make good jazz, and their efforts are outstandingly successful.

I have no great liking for drum solos, but the effervescent work of Candido Camero on H.M.V. makes small fry of most modern drummers. His most effective work is in the Latin-American vein, but he can turn his hand to conventional jazz rhythms with equal success. There is some intricate orchestration by Ernie Wilkins, whose accompanying group boasts many "names" in modern jazz. Johnny Windhurst, featured trumpeter with Jack Teagarden, plays with warmth and feeling on an Esquire E.P. that represents the younger generation of aspiring jazz musicians. It is well worth hearing.

Selected Records

FONTANA TFR6003—Louis Armstrong & his Hot Five; L.P., £1 9s. 2½d.
 PHILIPS BBL7218—The Louis Armstrong Story; 12-in. L.P., £1 17s. 6½d.
 CAPITOL T933—Jazz Ultimate; 12-in. L.P., £1 13s. 8½d.
 COLUMBIA 33SX1080—Dixiecats; 12-in. L.P., £1 15s. 10d.
 ESQUIRE EP186—Easy-over; 7-in. E.P., 13s. 7½d.
 Nixa NEP 24070—Calypso Time with Frank Holder; 7-in. E.P., 12s. 10½d.



SEA FEVER

A shoal of sea films is on the way, perhaps inspired by the success of *The Cruel Sea* and *The Yangtse Incident*. The London première of *The Vikings* in July is to be attended by Prince Philip. Three of the stars in this adventure story of the ninth century are Ernest Borgnine (opposite, top), Tony Curtis (centre) and Kirk Douglas (bottom)

William Holden (right) is the skipper of an unarmed sea-going tug in *The Key*. The film is set in the early days of the last war and is about the recovery of damaged ships. Salvage tugs are also featured in *Sea Fury*, another forthcoming film. This will star Stanley Baker, Victor McLaglen and Luciana Paluzzi



CINEMA

Too young to really be in love?

by ELSPETH GRANT

N SIDNEY J. FURIE, the Canadian writer, producer and director of *A Dangerous Age* is 24, which may be why he handles the subject of young love with such sympathy and understanding. He does not see his teen-age lovers through a haze of middle-life sentimentality as sweet little fillies or poor wee victims of frustrated desire: he presents them as perfectly ordinary young people, not particularly sweet but sincere, by no means oversexed and though immature, certainly not moronic. This I find enormously refreshing.

To Canadian college students, a boy of 19 (beautifully played by Mr. Ben Piazza) and a girl of 17 (an equally impressive performance by Miss Anne Pearson), have made up their minds to marry. They falsify the girl's birth certificate and, to avoid trouble with her parents (who would certainly try to prevent the match), they cross the border into the United States where, they believe, it will be easy to obtain a marriage licence.

It is not quite as easy as all that: during the 24-hour delay which they are told must ensue, Mr. Piazza begins to doubt whether they are doing the right thing. He has overheard a young married couple quarrelling bitterly (a wonderfully well-observed scene): they, too, were probably once deeply in love, he tells himself, but now they seem full of hate. He cannot bear the thought that this could happen to Miss Pearson and himself—he would rather give her up here and now.

Miss Pearson, who appears to know more about marriage than he does, manages to reassure him and they decide to go through with their plan. That they never do is not due to the police or the college authorities. Their decision to wait until they are of age springs from a realization that family bonds and parental hearts are not lightly to be broken and love is not a monopoly of the young. Mr. Furie, I feel, is to be warmly congratulated on a first film of great sensibility which makes very good sense.

If it's nonsense you are looking for, you might try *Up The Creek*—an unmistakably British farcical comedy, directed by Mr. Val Guest. Dedicated to the proposition that there's nothing we enjoy so much as a laugh at the expense of our most cherished institutions, it holds the Royal Navy up to ridicule in a story too fantastic to give offence. It is about an antiquated destroyer of the "Mothball Fleet" which has been tied up in some remote backwater and inadvertently left without a commanding officer for two years.

Mr. David Tomlinson, a lieutenant whose disastrous experiments with rockets have made him an insufferable nuisance, is posted to her. He discovers that the skeleton crew of 11 are still drawing pay and supplies for her full complement and are doing a roaring trade in Navy rum and cigarettes with the local villagers—for whom they also run a laundry service in the boiler-room and meat-pie production in the galley. There are hens in the wheelhouse and pigs in the wardroom—and an irascible admiral (Mr. Wilfrid Hyde-White) looming in the offing.

Mr. Tomlinson's timing is still a matter for admiration and Mr. Peter Sellers draws an effective if slightly sinister portrait of a blackmailing bosun—but the film makes such strenuous efforts to amuse that eventually it comes apart at the seams and sinks with all hands.

In *Another Time, Another Place*—a title that means nothing at all—Miss Lana Turner plays an American newspaperwoman who comes to London during the war and, though provisionally engaged to her New York boss (Mr. Barry Sullivan), falls madly in love with Mr. Sean Connery, a B.B.C. commentator. In the course of some of the most drooling love scenes ever screened, he tells her of his home in *Corn-wall*—but until the eve of his death in an air crash he omits to mention that he has a wife and son.

Emerging stony-faced from a nervous breakdown, Miss Turner muffles herself in

mink and hies her to Polperro where, after swooning on the doorstep of the late Mr. Connery's house, she allows herself to be entertained by his unsuspecting widow, Miss Glynis Johns. This is foolish of her: even as a crazy, mixed-up newspaperwoman, Miss Turner should have more sense than to risk an emotional encounter with an actress of Miss Johns's calibre. She is bound to be the loser—and she is. Another time, another co-star, is my well-meant advice to Miss Turner.

The script, by Mr. Stanley Mann, is uneven—the direction, by Mr. Lewis Allen, rather half-hearted. Mr. Sidney James wisecracks drily as a case-hardened journalist and Mr. Terence Longdon is most sympathetic as the widow's loyal friend: they and Miss Johns are the only credible characters in this dullish little piece.

Based on a story by Dostoevsky, made in Italy by Signor Luchino Visconti, *White Nights* has a strange and dreamlike quality. Signor Marcello Mastroianni is a lonely young clerk wandering at night through the shabby streets of some unidentified city in search of—he is not sure what.

He meets a young girl, Fraulein Maria Schell, who is waiting tremulously by the dark canal for someone whom she fears may never come. For whom? asks the young clerk. She tells him of the man who came to lodge in her humble home—and, in flashback, we see how she fell in love with this handsome stranger (M. Jean Marais), and how, for some unexplained reason, he was forced to go away for a year but, vowing he returned her love, promised to come back and marry her.

The year is up and every night she waits at their trysting place, hoping he has not forgotten. Signor Mastroianni is sorry for her. Convinced that she is waiting in vain, he tries, at their subsequent meetings, to bring her a little happiness, to make her forget. At the moment when he appears to have succeeded, M. Marais returns: Fraulein Schell flies to him like a bird, and loneliness descends again on Signor Mastroianni.

Nobody has quite the same radiance and poignancy as Fraulein Schell: she is perfect as the girl. But surely Signor Mastroianni is too handsome to be lonely for long? Only the film's undeniable magic could induce me to accept this case of miscasting.



BOOKS IN PICTURES: Countess Mountbatten of Burma (left, in a picture by Salvador Dali), is the subject of a new biography *Edwina* (Robert Hale, 75s.), by Madeleine Masson. Ian Henderson, a Kenya-born police officer, has written with Philip Goodhart the story of *The Hunt For Kimathi* (Hamish Hamilton, 21s.), the Mau-Mau leader. The picture shows a Kikuyu witch-doctor.

BOOKS I AM READING

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

The cloak-and-dagger brigade

WHEREAS war novels generally defeat me around the second chapter, I am irresistibly lured by straight documentary war material. Irate generals' reminiscences, laconic escape-merchants' accounts of how they unpicked twenty-foot-thick dungeon walls with a comb and a bent knitting-needle and tiptoed across occupied Europe disguised as Hitler's aunt—I can munch them up in enormous mouthfuls, and wait eagerly for more. Which, even now, never means waiting long.

Virginia Cowles's account of the exploits of David Stirling, *The Phantom Major* (Collins, 16s.), is as exciting as the events it describes. It is also remarkably level-headed, keeping a pair of cool eyes fixed on the seriousness of war while detailing exploits that would make the *Boys' Own Paper* wonder if they hadn't over-stretched their imagination a bit.

Everyone seems astonished that the book should have been written by a woman, which I find a little unfair. Women often make first-class war-reporters, with a sharp eye for detail and an accurate understanding of the improbable characters involved. It is rather more astonishing that *anyone* could have written it, since the Special Air Service—the organization that David Stirling invented, founded and led—kept no official records and the whole complex story has been pieced together from first-hand accounts given straight to the author.

Stirling invented the S.A.S. to be a very mobile, flexible, intelligent military unit made up of brilliant individualists, independent, improvising, illustrating his own theory that "with very small lethal weapons, two or three men could now do the job of a whole regiment." So they did, with appalling courage and jollity (foreigners became convinced the English would win the war by the way the S.A.S. were always to be found roaring with happy laughter when the truck in which they had been travelling blew up under them) under Stirling's imperturbable, democratic, shrewd, fantastically successful guidance.

Stirling himself was apparently never afraid. Montgomery called him 'The Boy Stirling' and said he was mad, of course, but very valuable. Popski said, charmingly,



"Where we plodded, he pranced." This amazing man, whose photograph has a frowning smile and eyebrows that meet in the middle, with the "soft voice and perfect manners," simply proved he was right by being so successful. He once turned to a French companion at arms and said, "I like shooting these Italians, don't you?"

Miss Cowles's book fills me with enthusiasm, not least because her picture of the alarming hero has depth and is not merely the conventional eccentric Englishman at war being incredibly brave and recklessly original. Some of it is also very funny, such as the image of Major Stirling and the not-slim Randolph Churchill exchanging a friendly catty comment in mid-air while descending by parachute, and the poor Baron von Luttermo, taken prisoner by the S.A.S. when his plane made a forced landing, who kept repeating the immortal words, "I went up for pleasure and it ended unhappily."

The only slightly fictional note in the book is derived from Miss Cowles's habit of referring to the central figure by his Christian name, and the way people keep saying things "with a laugh," or "with a grin." But then they probably did at that; especially when you think of those very small lethal weapons.

This has not been a great week for novels, but I have much enjoyed a first novel called *Waiting For Love* (Arthur Barker, 11s. 6d.)—a rather soppy title that doesn't to my

mind do a brisk, funny, clear-eyed, though romantic little book justice—by Venetia Murray, who is 25 and the late Gilbert Murray's granddaughter. It is about Kitty Lee who is 15 and goes to a splendidly recognisable London school that I'm delighted to see hasn't changed much since I was there a good many years earlier—though I don't remember we ever whiled away time in the library by looking up possible husbands in Debrett.

Kitty is in love, full-time and inexpertly, with an Older Man, who wilfully refuses to understand the situation and is kind and therefore cruel to her as to a sweet, innocent, amusing little girl with a lively mind. Kitty tells her own story, which is the most difficult thing in the world to bring off even if nowadays it seems to be the most popular, and Miss Murray rarely puts in her mouth comments that would only grow out of another ten years' hind-sight and experience. The dialogue is true and lively, the handling light and unsentimental, and I like Kitty, who might quite easily have been a trial and isn't at all.

I'm also been reading: Derek Hudson's *Sir Joshua Reynolds* (Bles, 35s.) which is a little over-cosy at times in the "we can almost imagine" style ("We can almost imagine him wondering, as he looks at Angelica, whether he should propose marriage to this unusual girl, whether he could overcome his distrust of women painters..." etc., to which the inevitable crotchety answer is "oh no, we can't"), but the man and his pictures and the people he painted are so fascinating it would be ungrateful not to recommend a lot of pleasure in the book. . . . *The Waste Of Ashes* (Gollancz, 12s.) by Harold Browne, a scrummy mystery-thriller in the ice-cold, disabused, fly-blown Chandler manner, with sour, clenched-teeth dialogue, five dead bodies, a dear little tot called Deborah Thronetree, and one of my favourite kind of private eyes, exhausted by heart-disenchantment and lack of success ("God damn it, it's a living"), plagued by bugs buzzing at the window and dust on the in-lens, and living on cigarettes and black coffee cynically spiked with rum . . . and *The Sweet And Twenties* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 21s.), in which Mr. Beverly Nichols describes how he drank sidecars at Claridge's with Elsie de Woolf who was wearing her hair green, how the critics were unfair about Tallulah and Adele and Maxine and Syrie and Ivor and Emerald, about how Oxford was really Oxford from 1926 to 1929, and how Mr. Coward parodied the Sitwells in *London Calling*. "If I had been sitting next door to the Sitwells on this historic occasion," writes Mr. Nichols, "I should have had this to say to them: 'Yes. Noël should be slapped; but, darlings, if you ask for it in *la vie de bohème* you get it, and you have asked for it . . . with the same delightful arrogant assurance as Oscar, in the nineties, when he announced that he was 'trying to live up to his blue china.' Oscar had the impudence of genius and so have you, and these little episodes are part of the rough and tumble of the artist's life and you should all rise above it.'" There are also some photographs, and under Mr. Novello the caption reads "Ivor was very beautiful. . . ." Mr. Beaton (with roses, fishing net and white peacock) is captioned "Cecil, going just a little too far?"



Miss Susan Mary Angela Trouncer
to Mr. Robert George Francis de
Stacpoole

She is the daughter of the late F/O T. D. Trouncer, R.A.F.V.R., and of Mrs. Trouncer, of Queen's Gate, London. He is the son of Lt.-Col. E. H. M. de Stacpoole, M.C., formerly of Mount Hazel, Co. Galway, and of Mrs. de Stacpoole, Rogate, Sussex



Miss Dawn Janson
to Mr. Cecil A. S. Grimston

She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Guy Janson, Fair Hall, Southover, Lewes, Sussex. He is the second son of Sir Robert Grimston, Bt., M.P., & Lady Grimston, of Lowndes Court, London



Miss Elizabeth Tessa Waller
to Mr. John Hedley Whyte

She is the daughter of Mr. George Waller, O.B.E., Q.C., and of the Hon. Mrs. Waller, of Stavros, The Grove, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne. He is the son of Mr. A. Hedley Whyte, D.S.O., M.S., F.R.C.S., & Mrs. Hedley Whyte, Ruthven, Adderstone Crescent, Newcastle-on-Tyne



Miss Jane Bentinck Speed
to Mr. Jonathan Hesketh Ramsden

She is the daughter of Sir Eric Speed, K.C.B., K.B.E., M.C., & Lady Speed, of Mesylls, Chiddingfold, Surrey. He is the son of the late Mr. H. A. Ramsden and of Mrs. Ramsden, of The Bootens, Prees, Shropshire

Miss Tessa Ruscoe
to Mr. Bryan Harris

She is the elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Ruscoe, Rosanne, Frinton-on-Sea. He is the son of Mr. J. Harris, Bryanston Court, London, and of Viscountess Scarsdale, Kedleston Hall, Derbyshire





With an eye on form

AT THE WATER'S EDGE no woman dare slip up. For here much of her artifice is laid aside—usually in the presence of plenty of onlookers. Yet many women who insist on model dresses and expensive foundations are content to economize on their swimsuits. That is the sure way to meet the crowded gaze on the beach in lamentable shape—particularly now that good swimsuits are made of figure-controlling fabrics and are built with all the art of the *corsetière* to solve every problem



Michel Molinare

Opposite: A cotton swimsuit with a built-in bra. Made by Slix in a printed fruit design on white. Price: the suit 42s., the matching stole lined with towelling 29s. 11d. Bourne & Hollingsworth, Bainbridge, Newcastle; Reid & Todd, Glasgow

Above: This model suit by Trulo is made of pale blue elastic-rayon batiste. It is beautifully built and the skirt is cartridge-pleated. Price: 8½ gns. At Bradley's, Knightsbridge. Kleinerts' guaranteed-watertight cap with layers of petals: 50s.



Curves under control

Left: Drip-dry poplin for the active in and out of the water swimmer. A Janet Dickinson two piece in a bright sea-green. The skirt is detachable and permanently pleated. Price: about 12s. 6d. at Harrods; Derry & Toms, London; Dalys of Glasgow; Brights, Bournemouth, and H. J. Wells of Cardiff. Sunglasses by Oliver Goldsmith at Fortnum & Mason



Below left: A white elastic batiste suit banded with navy stripes. A model by Trend. Price: £3 12s. 6d. at Bradleys, Knightsbridge. Kleinerts' plain rubber helmet, made in many colours, costs 4s. 6d. and is obtainable at most stores throughout the country

Right: A figure-hugging elastic batiste suit in royal blue with a frilled inset of flowered permanently pleated nylon. A Janet Dickinson model. Price: about £3 17s. 6d. At D. H. Evans, John Lewis, Peter Jones, London, and Rackhams of Birmingham





IMPORTED FROM ITALY,
a swimsuit designed by
Francesca Ponpicelli in
lastex batiste with bril-
liant colourings, royal
blue, orange and emer-
ald. Price : about 93s.
at Fifth Avenue, Regent
Street, W.1 ; Rown-
trees of York ; Dingles
of Plymouth ; and
Smalls of Edinburgh

The water line from overseas



Michel Molinare



IMPORTED FROM SWITZERLAND, a blue-and-white sailcloth top with huge patch pockets for wearing over a swimsuit. Price: £4 17s. 6d. Worn under it is a royal blue swimsuit by Rose Marie Reid imported from California. Price: 14½ gns. The gondolier's straw hat from Italy has a pink band decorated with flowers. All may be obtained at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge

Favourites from the tropics

LINEN AND SILK have for years been favourites for wear in hot climates. They have provided comfort and ease for many a sweltering Empire-builder, and added to the Englishman's reputation for elegance in the back of beyond! Here at home they are used in happy co-operation by Horrockses for when the sun shines. The high-waisted skirt and bolero jacket are in light beige linen. The silk blouse with tiny shoulder straps is patterned with either red or blue rosebuds on white. Made in sizes 10-16 the three-piece costs 11½ gns. at the following stores: Chanelle, Knightsbridge; Hunts, Cambridge; Mayfair, Colwyn Bay; and K. Kemsley, Newark.

The accessories: hat by Sybil Pendlebury; calf shoes by Fanchon in beige trimmed with white, 9 gns.; their matching suede hand-bag, 79s. 6d.; calf gloves (washable) by Dent, 2 gns.



John French

CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK







The new Spode china pattern, Esperia, was designed exclusively for Mappin & Webb to match the Esperia silverware and cutlery. It has a deep gold patterned border of leather green, blue or red. (Dinner plates, £2 16s. 6d. each.) The place mats are in organdie and Irish linen (for 12 persons, £42). Givan's Irish Linen stores

SHOPPING

To set a fine table

by JEAN STEELE



These contemporary coffee-tables lead a double life. They contain sets of cutlery. On the left is a 53-piece set containing knives of stainless steel with Xylo handles, spoons and forks by George Wostenholm & Son Ltd. (£28 19s. 3d.). On the right, a 71-piece set (£39 1s. 6d.) From leading stores



Good steaks deserve good cutlery. Above: a four-pair set of grill knives and forks with imitation stag-horn handles by George Wostenholm & Son, Ltd. The knife has a saw edge for easy cutting (£4 5s. a box). Leading stores



A barbecue knife shaped so that it can be used for serving. Like the fork it is made in stainless steel by George Wostenholm & Son Ltd. (in case, £4 11s.). Leading stores



Correct cutlery for a contemporary dining-room. The seven-piece Monte Carlo place-setting was designed for George Wostenholm & Son Ltd., by Mr. Guy Bellamy. In satin finish stainless steel (£1 17s. the set). Leading stores



Excelwood handles distinguish this six-piece place-setting made by George Wostenholm & Son Ltd. They are resistant to heat and acids, spirits and fruit juices (£3 4s. 6d. a box). Leading stores

Dennis Smith

A new scent called "Mystère" has been introduced by Kayser Bondor, the lingerie firm, through their French associates. In this attractive pack it costs £4 15s. (1 oz.), £2 15s. ($\frac{1}{2}$ oz.), and £1 17s. 6d. ($\frac{1}{4}$ oz.)

BEAUTY

Colours for the spring parade

by JEAN CLELAND



A youthful trend in fashion is reflected in a number of new cosmetics. Three lipsticks just available have names that make you want to try them. The first is Coty's latest addition to their popular "24" series, a dashing colour called "Racing Red" which is as lively and brilliant as its name implies. The trueness of this red makes it a perfect complement to the soft creamy browns and beige tones that will be seen so much during the coming Season. "Racing Red" comes in the de luxe case and Switch Stick, and cream rouge and powder rouge can be had in the same shade.

Next is Revlon's "Red Caviar," which they describe as a "soft-spoken scarlet." Though soft, this colour is rich and glowing, and could be worn with effect either by the gipsy or the platinum blonde. It can be had in Revlon's various lipsticks, and also in regular nail enamel and frosted nail enamel.

Something different is Elizabeth Arden's lovely "Pink Violet," as delicate and fresh as a May morning. Designed for pastel shades, it goes beautifully with pinks and violets, and flowered prints with soft greens and blues. The woman with grey or white hair for whom these shades are so becoming, will find that "Pink Violet" lipstick and nail lacquer gives the final flattering touch.

In keeping with this delicate look is another new Arden product called "Veiled Radiance," a foundation that gives a superfine finish to the complexion. Neither a cream nor a fluid, but a soft emulsion, "Veiled Radiance" is extremely light and designed to give the appearance of natural beauty. It is silkily soft and goes on smoothly. For an attractive

make-up, the following is suggested: "Veiled Radiance" foundation, "Emerald" eye-shadow, "Invisible Veil" powder—No. 5 or 5½ with rose undertones for brunettes, and special matt fonce for fair skins—"Pink Violet" lipstick and nail lacquer. To complete this make-up kit I suggest "My Love" perfume in which you catch the subtle scent of violets.

No make-up, however well applied, will outlast the day without occasional retouching. For this, one must be careful to use nothing too heavy, that might spoil the texture. Lenthéric's "Finishing Touch," a new cream powder, is ideal for the purpose.



It is non-drying, goes on with a feather touch, and leaves a nice bloom on the skin. The shade I have tried, and like immensely, is neutral. It suits any tone of skin, and goes well over a tinted foundation. In addition to this there are four tinted "Finishing Touches," the names of which are self-descriptive: blonde, rose blonde, rose brunette, and cream brunette. All come in attractive black cases with Lenthéric motif, mirrors and fitted washable nylon puffs.

Sweet scents are inseparable from spring, and those who have enjoyed Coty's "Le Nouveau Gardenia," which until now could only be had in perfume, will be pleased to hear that it has just been made available in their range of bath accessories, so that the same note can be preserved throughout one's toilette.

Goya has an elegant new gift flacon for the dressing table, inspired, says a member of the firm, "by contemporary interest in statistics, plus a personal affection for mermaids." If you want to know why, you must get it, or at least, ask one of the stores to let you see it.

Finally an entirely new scent by Kayser Bondor called "Mystère." Made in Paris, this is a soft sophisticated scent, with an underlying flower bouquet. Kayser Bondor felt that "as the foremost couturiers of Paris have their own special perfume, so Kayser, as a great lingerie house in Britain, should have a top perfume." The introduction of "Mystère" is the perfect complement to their range of products designed to underline feminine appeal.

FAMILY TREES — 2



The Duchess of Kent, president of Alexandra Rose Day, arrives at Grosvenor House for the Rose Ball, with the Marchioness Townshend, ball chairman. A cabaret was given by Mr. Harry Secombe

Alexandra Day Rose Ball

Right: Lady Edith Foxwell, wife of Mr. Ivan Foxwell, the film producer, with Major Henry Garnett



The Prime Minister's lineage

by L. G. PINE

FEW of our great public figures can possess a more remarkable mingling of old and new in their make-up and connections than the present Prime Minister. Mr. Harold Macmillan belongs to the dwindling ranks of the English squirearchy to whom we have owed so much in the creation of the Commonwealth. His country home is Birch Grove House, Chelwood Gate, near Hayward's Heath, in Sussex. His father was Maurice Crawford Macmillan, a director of the famous Macmillan publishing company.

Lady Dorothy Macmillan, the Premier's wife, is a daughter of the 9th Duke of Devonshire, head of the great house of Cavendish. Incidentally, to one of the Cavendish family is attributed the slaughter of Wat Tyler at Smithfield; while another Cavendish was a faithful attendant on Cardinal Wolsey. Lady Dorothy's sisters married into the families of the Earl of Dunmore, the Earl of Moray and the Mackintosh of Mackintosh—which, of course, allies Mr. Macmillan to these notable families. The wife of his only son, Capt. Maurice Macmillan, is the daughter of Lord Harlech, while one of the Prime Minister's daughters is married to Capt. Julian Amery.

All this is in a pattern of connection with the aristocracy which has been common to many of our statesmen since the days of Sir Robert Walpole. But there is another, older line to the Macmillan family ancestry. Mr. Macmillan's grandfather, Daniel Macmillan, was a publisher at Cambridge, but further back the ancestry came from a branch of the Macmillan clan in the Highlands. The Macmillans of the later 18th century were sturdy crofters who suffered severely after the 1745 rebellion. The chiefs of the clans then pursued a policy of making sheep-runs in preference to helping their clansmen. The clansmen could cross the Atlantic and fare as best they might in Canada. There was no place for them in the Highlands, which were turned into the deserted areas which they are today.

Mr. Macmillan's forebears were tough enough to make good in the new life of southern England. But the memory of their sufferings has remained strong; and the Prime Minister prefers to have no entry for his family in the current *Landed Gentry*. Otherwise it would stand beside the entries of Highland chiefs who would have descended from those petty tyrants—as Mr. Macmillan's ancestors might regard them—whom his forebears, like village Hampdens, had to withstand. Incidentally, his mother was an American, like Sir Winston Churchill's.



Mr. Andrew Gibson-Watt, Mrs. Gibson-Watt, and Mr. Whitney Straight, Alexandra Day chairman



Mr. Robert Gardiner, a solicitor, with Miss Zara Harrison who is studying dress designing

Miss Felicity Hall, daughter of Mr. J. Hall, M.P. for Wycombe, and Mr. Robert Kennedy

Miss Mary Hays, stepdaughter of Mr. Robert Ropner, and Miss Diana Goodhart, from Yorkshire





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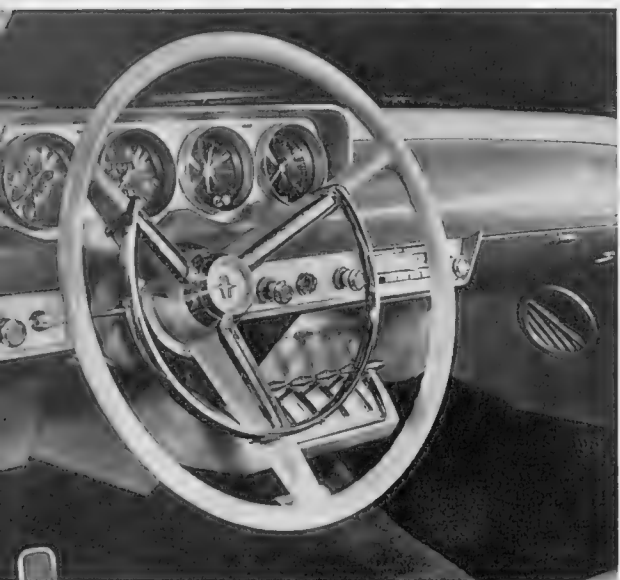
MOTORING

Is wood so luxurious?

by GORDON WILKINS



Polished walnut is preserved on the Riley Two-point-six (above) but with the modern additions of a protection pad and a dished steering wheel. White leather is used by Ghia for the Special Chrysler 375 coupé (left) which has a central console housing a record player. Aeroplane style controls distinguish the luxurious dashboard of the American Continental Mark II (below)



TIMBER is a topic that seems to excite strong feelings. A correspondent writes: "When will manufacturers grasp the fact that trimmings left over from hansom cabs have no place in a modern car and have nothing to do with luxury anyway?" This, because of the announcement that Austin are offering a special version of the A105 with interior finished by Vanden Plas. Another who was for years associated with the production of fine cars says of his present vehicle: "It has the overall patina of quality that pervades a Blüthner piano. But I am still just young enough at 65 to covet something absolutely different. My present car is like a perfect wife... one tires of her. I want total visibility, profiling, less weight, more m.p.g., disc brakes and four-wheel independent suspension. Above all I want my car to look like the day-after-tomorrow and not 1940-something." In short, should he buy an ID19 Citroën?

Personally I find some half-timbered houses charming and derive equal pleasure from a half-timbered automobile—provided it is a genuine period piece. One of the well-timbered properties I most covet is the enchanting little 1912 Bébé Peugeot owned by Mr. Peter Hampton. It has a wooden body by Henri Gauthier of Paris on a chassis designed by Bugatti. This is the car of which Kent Karslake wrote in *From Veteran To Vintage*: "The young blood of Parisian society, one imagines, may have sought to dazzle with his Alfonso Hispano-Suiza, gleaming in scarlet paint and polished brass work, but surely the middle-aged roué must have been quite irresistible when he replied with the chic of this baby coupé."

However, on a modern car I find wood less appropriate. We do not build the body frames or panels of wood any more, so the timber must be purely decorative. And it has several disadvantages. It is heavy, scratches easily, tends to deteriorate unless given regular attention and could break up into nasty splinters in a serious crash. Yet the number of xylophiles both here and abroad is sufficient to justify serious attention from our car manufacturers. In an age of mass production, slabs of timber, even when manifestly non-functional, give the *cachet* of quality in the eyes of many people.

For Americans in particular, the well-figured walnut instrument panel and real leather upholstery carry something of the atmosphere of the club in St. James's and seem to provide the correct accompaniment for the London-tailored suit, the bespoke shoes, the guns, the fishing-rod and the other personal possessions of those who enjoy the amenities of the machine age but resent the uniformity it imposes.

Therefore, I have no quarrel with the tree-lovers—so long as they do not prevent me

buying a functional metal automobile. But whatever the materials employed, a modern instrument panel should include a crash pad to protect the passenger's face and be so designed that it does not injure the knees. Control knobs should not project, and all instruments and controls should be logically arranged according to their function, and not according to some abstract artistic conception.

One thing I do deplore is the metal fascia painted to look like wood. This is an archaic piece of deception which leads us down into dark thickets among plastic creepers and the cast-iron roses which used to adorn Victorian sewing machines. I also feel that manufacturers show a lack of enterprise in sticking rigidly to walnut. Contemporary furniture and modern interior decoration should by now have opened their eyes to the many other attractive possibilities.

The parking problem

I have just seen the report of the party of experts under Mr. Alex Samuels, chairman of the London and Home Counties Traffic Advisory Committee, who visited Paris to report on the disc-parking system. After conceding that the Paris system works, the committee lists seven reasons for not recommending it for London.

1. The disc does not show where parking is and is not permitted.
2. The disc offers more opportunities for evasion than the parking meter.
3. The meter, by levying a charge, regulates demand.
4. The disc requires more enforcement officers.
5. The disc would need new legislation.
6. The cost of the disc system falls on the community, instead of the motorist.
7. Revenue from meters can pay for off-street parking space.

Having had a lot of experience with the Paris system, I find these rather curious arguments. Several answer themselves. For example, parking is permitted in Paris wherever there are no signs forbidding it. Then, enforcement: it seems that the disc has to be checked every half hour and has to be looked at closely, whereas meters show a red signal that could be read by an officer going past on a bicycle or motor scooter (the idea of turning loose hordes of inspectors on motor scooters to look at parking meters instead of looking where they are going is a remarkable contribution to road safety); yet ten seconds after one of Mr. Samuels's rubber-necks has passed by, a meter could run out. And when was there ever any reluctance to pass new motoring legislation? As for costs the discs could be paid for by the advertising they carry. Point 7 will create bitter amusement, with vehicle taxes bringing in £1.3 millions a day and the Government showing the greatest reluctance to devote more than a dribble of it to improving road conditions.

Certainly Paris has one big advantage over London. There is an abundance of free all-day parking at places like the Invalides and the Porte Maillot, so that few car commuters need ever be more than a brisk walk or a couple of Métro stations from their offices. In that respect, we are paying for the short-sightedness of our fathers, just as future generations will pay for ours.

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Helena Rubinstein

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"ROGER" has been in charge of the Cocktail Bar at the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne, for more than 12 years. He is one of the best-known master-barmen on the South Coast

DINING OUT

Such company, such fare!

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

IN the course of a year of wining and dining one can single out certain occasions one will remember for a long time. So it was at Scott's famous restaurant in Piccadilly on the night of Thursday, May 1, 1958, where 37 gentlemen sat down at a long table in a panelled room, illuminated exclusively by candles.

As far as I was concerned, the company would have made the evening even if we had only bread, cheese and beer to go with it. It consisted of editors, directors and columnists of some of the best-known national newspapers and most fashionable magazines. There were also several leading photographers, including Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright; Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, who, apart from being Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, has his own vineyards and makes his own wine at Hambledon in Hampshire; some famous wine merchants; and Andre Simon and Warner Allen (both famed authorities on wine).

I still do not know exactly who were my hosts. It seems that a plot was hatched by Guy Prince of Lebeque and Isidore Kerman, chairman of Scott's, who sat at each end of the long table. It appears that Mr. Prince had already organized a party when Mr. Kerman and Brian Gardner (another director of Scott's) discovered that the original buildings on the site of Scott's—the taverns "The Syne of the Crowne," "The Hornes" and "The Feathers"—were established there in 1658. As it's now 1958 it was a good excuse to declare a sort of tercentenary. So they combined the two parties. One certainty is that in 1851 John Scott established himself there as a shellfish-monger on the present site and Scott's has been famous for shellfish ever since.

Needless to say we did not have bread and cheese. This was the menu: As an apéritif, champagne. The first course was asparagus; the second, Scotch salmon with a 1955 Muscat d'Alsace, Château Weinbach, Clos des Capucins, bottled at the château; followed by a target of Southdown lamb, accompanied by two wines. As the menu said: "In your left-hand glass, 1947 Château Margaux, Margaux—in your right-hand glass, 1945 Château Haut-Brion, Pessac, both in magnums, bottled at their châteaux." A target of lamb, by the way, is the neck and breast of lamb in one joint.

Then came cheese: a choice between Double Gloucester and Cheddar with Cornish butter and a magnificent wine—1949 La Tâche du Domaine de la Romanée-Conti—in double magnums (Jeroboams); fresh pineapple with cream and a 1947 Château d'Yquem, Premier Grand Cru, Sauternes, in magnums, bottled at the château; and later our coffee with Cognac, Grande Champagne, Vintage 1904, G.P. Reserve.

Scott's has retained much of its Edwardian and Victorian dignity. From a small table next to its Silver Grill I ordered the first steak I had ordered in my life lunching in a restaurant alone. I was then 19 and racing motor cycles at Brooklands for a living. There is still a small table by the Silver Grill, but what is fantastic is that the same waiter, Harry Gilham, who served me on that occasion still serves that table. He has been there 35 years. Scott's have a record of long service from their staff. For example, D. Cipriani, known to all the world as Chippy, who will probably receive you as you go in, has been there for 53 years.

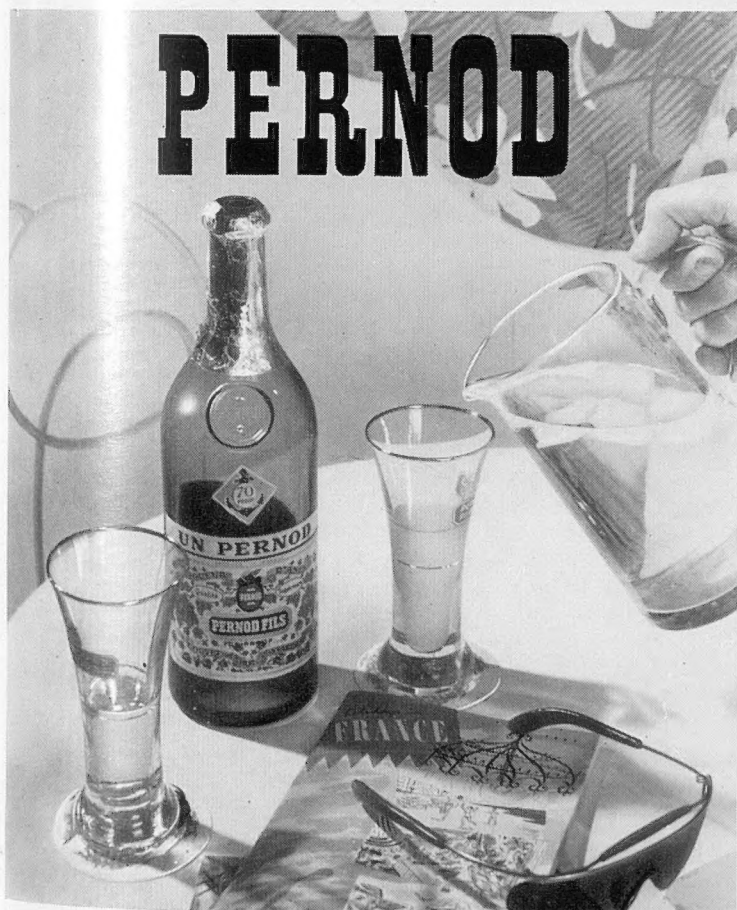


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DINING IN

Whitsun in the kitchen

by HELEN BURKE

FOR a long weekend we have to plan pretty carefully, so I have arranged three days' menus, remembering that Whitsun generally means weekend visitors. Shop on Friday, if you have a refrigerator. I always buy enough perishables on Friday to carry me through to the following Tuesday, at least. Store fish and meat in open-ended plastic bags, because they should not be entirely enclosed.

Quick-frozen foods, if you put them just as they are in the ice-making compartment, keep perfectly safe for a long weekend. I like to have on hand corn kernels, broccoli, peas and certain fillets of fish, as well as prawns.

Now for the menus:

Saturday's lunch: Egg mayonnaise; grilled halibut steaks, sauce Hollandaise, grilled tomatoes and mushrooms and purée of potatoes; lemon soufflé.

Saturday's dinner: Avocado pears with olive oil and fresh lime or lemon juice dressing; chicken curry and rice; fruit salad or chocolate mousse.

Sunday's dinner (midday): Smoked trout with horse-radish cream; roast leg of very young lamb, corn croquettes and roast new potatoes; gooseberry tart.

Sunday's supper: Danish Liver Pâté and toast; cold salmon steaks, cucumber slices, mayonnaise and rice salad; banana flambé.

Monday's lunch: Cold beetroot consommé with whipped sour cream; cold roast lamb with potato salad and mixed salad (tomatoes, cucumber, green sweet peppers), dressed with mint sauce and olive oil; baked apple pudding (hot).

Monday's dinner: Prawn cocktails with mayonnaise-tomato-ketchup sauce; roast duck stuffed with apples and prunes, peas and mint, and caramelized new potatoes; compôte of pears with creamed rice.

We all have our own favourite ways of making these weekend dishes. Some have already appeared in these notes, quite a long time ago. The lemon soufflé differs a little from most sweet soufflés so I shall give you the recipe. The quantities will serve 5 people.

Mix in a pan 4 oz. sugar, 3 oz. plain flour and a pinch of salt. Stir $\frac{1}{2}$ pint boiling water into them, then stir over the heat until the flour is cooked. Add a teaspoon of butter. Cool a little, then stir in 3 egg yolks, beaten with the juice of 2 lemons and the grated rind of 1. Whip the egg whites very stiffly and fold them through and through the mixture.

Butter and sprinkle with sugar the inside of a $1\frac{1}{2}$ pint soufflé dish. Turn the lemon mixture into it and bake for 25 to 30 minutes in a fairly hot oven (400 deg. Fahr. or gas mark 5).

The easiest way to make the beetroot consommé is to open a tin of consommé or clear soup. (This is very good, indeed.) Open, too, a tin of small whole beetroots and add their juice to the consommé. The beetroots themselves, sliced and marinated in sweetened vinegar, are wonderful.

Creamed rice is an excellent sweet when it is really soft and creamy but, like many rice puddings, is dull when thick. Wash a teacup of pudding rice. Put it and 3 cups hot milk in a double boiler or bowl standing in boiling water. Add a split vanilla pod. From time to time, give the mixture a stir. When the rice has absorbed the milk, it should be cooked. Sweeten to taste. Remove from the heat. When cool, add up to $\frac{1}{4}$ pint double cream and a measure of Grand Marnier. (Remove, wash and dry the vanilla pod and store it for another occasion.)

Poach the pears in vanilla-flavoured syrup. Or use a tin of pears with a drop or two of vanilla in their syrup.





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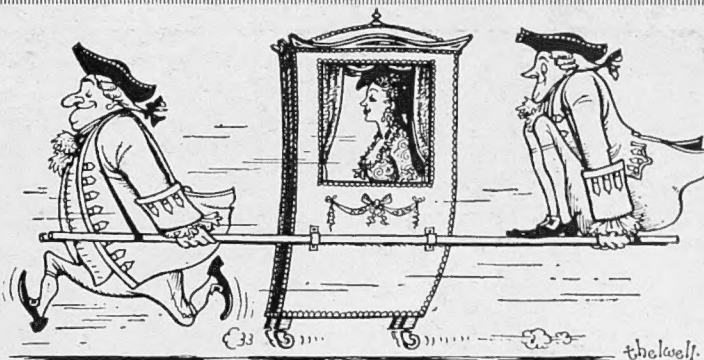
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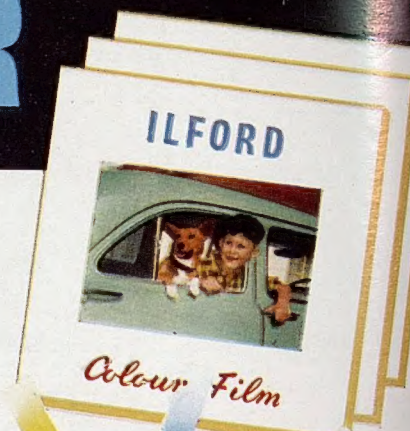
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